

Vulgus Britannicus:  
OR THE  
BRITISH HUDIBRAS.

In Fifteen CANTO'S.

Containing the Secret HISTORY of the  
LONDON MOB; Their Rise, Progress,  
and Suppression.

Intermix'd with the CIVIL-WAR's betwixt  
*High-Church* and *Low-Church*, at this time:  
Being a Continuation of the Late Inge-  
nious Mr. Butler's HUDIBRAS.

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In Five Parts Compleat in one Volume.

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By the Author of the *London Spy*.  
Edward, or Ned Ward.

The Third Edition, Adorn'd with CUTS,  
and a TABLE to the whole.

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L O N D O N:

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# PREFACE.

THE mannerly Name of Incendiary, and the modish Compliment of Inconsiderable Fellow, are now grown so Common in the Mouths of those Persons ; who whilst they are shamming the World with pretended Invitations to Brotherly Love and Charity, cannot forbear, even in the same Lectures, to break loose from the Principles they are labouring, seemingly, to infuse ; and to gratify their own Malice, in provoking one Party, to Curry Favour with another.

## P R E F A C E.

So that he who either W rites or speaks upon any Publick Occasion, runs a great hazard in these Precarious Times, of incurring some imputation or other ; by unhappily thwarting the Capricious Humours of such contending Hot-spurs, who are always blowing up the Coals of Sedition, in the same Breath that they are recommending Moderation ; and can no more hide the Tail of the Old Serpent that lurks under the Leaves of Hypocrify, than a wanton Harlot can her Vitious Inclinations, by a Dissembl'd Countenance.

However, I have ventur'd to publish the following Poem , wherein the late Disorders of our Good Lords the People are turned



## P R E F A C E.

ned into Ridicule ; with such Advantages and Allowances , as I hope may render the Performance acceptable to the Reader ; and when I have wasted this Subject, which will end in the next Part ; I shall fall upon such Matters as may be further entertaining, without the least Offence ; *So farewell.*

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The

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Vul.

*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
OR, THE  
British HUDIBRAS.

PART I.

CANTO I.  
*On the late Disorders of the Rabble.*

IN Spiteful Times when *Humane Folly*,  
Discourag'd all that's Good and Holy ;  
When *Peace* and *Truth* were out of Season,  
And *Zeal* had got the start of *Reason* ;  
When Knaves by dint of *Inspiration*  
Diffus'd their *Nonsense* thro' the Nation ;

BnA

B

And

## 6 CANTO I.

And when *Ill-Nature* and *Grimace*  
Were outward Signs of Inward Grace,  
When Atheists *Preach'd*, and Blockheads *Writ*,  
And *Scandal* only pass'd for *Wit*;  
When *Fiery Words* like Blazing-stars,  
Portended Plagues and Civil Wars,  
And *Tavern Cavils* shew too plain  
The Malice and the *Pride of Men* ;  
When our Good Sov'reign *Lords the People*  
Were *Crown'd* by a *Republick Cripple*,  
And by false *Logick* prov'd to be  
The Source of all *Authority*,  
And that from them all *Power Sprung*  
At first, as Pompions do from *Dung*,  
And did on them devolve again,  
As oft as they were pleas'd to Reign,  
As if a King, the *Lord's Anointed*,  
Was only by the *Mob* appointed,  
And that they rais'd him to a *Crown*  
For nothing but to pull him down ;  
So active *Boys* in windy *Gales*  
Mount *Paper Kites* with *Fiery Tails*,

And



# CANTO I.

7

And Guide and Lower 'em by their Strings,  
Just as Fanaticks would their Kings.

When Bad Designs had Pious Names,  
And Holy Looks hid Tricks and Shams,  
And those who seem'd the most Upright,  
Turn'd all Religion into Spite,  
Would frequently at Church Commune,  
And rail against her when they'd done,  
As if they only kis'd the Chalice,  
To Whet and Sanctifie their Malice.

When Feuds and Discords did encrease,  
And Men lov'd War instead of Peace,  
That all sides had their New Inventions,  
To Feed and Propagate Contentions.

When Men thro' slavish Fear deny'd  
Those Truths they should have Justify'd,  
For Int'rest sake themselves deceiv'd  
And stood by what they Disbeliev'd;

Affirm-

B 2

Affirming Points by dint of Tongue,  
Which in their Hearts they knew were wrong ;  
And acquiesc'd with Solemn Lies,  
Invented purely for Disguise,  
That False Reports might prove a Blind  
To what was wickedly design'd,  
And gild the Pois'nous Bitter Pill,  
Prepar'd not to Relieve but Kill,  
So he that does a fraud intend  
First treats the Bubble like a Friend,  
That he may gain his Knavish End.  
The Bawd puts on a Face devout,  
To bring her Base Intrigues about,  
And can talk Scripture to betray,  
The Pious Maid that's Young and Gay ;  
The Fox will Bask, and Rowland Stretch,  
To bring his Prey within his Reach :  
The Cruel Ruffian and the Traitor,  
The Minute that they stab will flatter,  
And Proud Fanaticks Fawn and Bend  
When they the greatest Ills intend,

And

# CANTO I.

9

And preach up Safety to the Throne,  
Their Treacherous Hands are Pulling down.

When some were Ruin'd, some Enrich'd  
And some 'twixt Pride and Zeal bewitch'd  
Others infected with a Spice,  
Of Atheism, Craft, and Avarice,  
Some stupify'd with Wine and Folly,  
Others with Spleen and Melancholly;  
Some by the sourness of their Natures,  
Perverse and Headstrong Jarring Creatures;  
Others by Education spoil'd,  
Too Hot and Furious, or too mild,  
That most were of some Faults attainted,  
Whether bedevil'd or besainted.

'Twas then the very Dregs or Arse  
Of all the Jarring Universe,  
Spew'd out of Alleys, Jayls and Garrets,  
Grown sturdy with Neckbeef and Carrots;  
Some liquor'd with Fogey Ale,  
Others with Glorious Mild and Stale;

Informers,

*Informers, Lab'rors, Brothel-Keepers,  
Pimps, Panders, Thieves and Chimney-Sweepers,  
And all the rest o'th' Heath'nish Race  
That do our Grand Processions grace ;  
More Mad, worse Savage Brutes at best,  
Than the Wild Herd the Dev'l possest  
And more portentous when they rise,  
Than blazing Comets in the Skies,  
Unletter'd, Rascally and Base,  
A Kingdoms Danger and Disgrace,  
The High-born Traitor's noisy Tools,  
Govern'd by neither Laws or Rules,  
Always by others Craft betray'd  
To Ills behind the Curtain laid,  
To Mischief by their Stars inclin'd,  
Deaf to Advice, to Danger Blind,  
Forward and Furious in Extreams,  
Fearless of Life, or loss of Limbs,  
And lavish of Destructive Pains,  
To do Bad Work for Little Gains,  
This Monstrous Rout so Loose and Idle,  
A Paradox, a perfect Riddle,*

# CANTO I. II

To those for whom their *Love's* most warm,  
They always do the *Greatest Harm*,  
And often serve by their *Commotions*  
The Side that feels their *Persecutions* ;  
And when they mean to use them *Ill*,  
Do good to those they would despoile  
Against their *Knowledge* and their *Will*,  
Thus oft the *Service* they intend  
Deserves the *Curses* of their Friend,  
And their *Revenge* much Thanks from those  
They *Sack* and *Plunder* as their Foes.



When *Liberiy* they loudly cry  
Some hidden *Danger's* always nigh,  
And when they're suffer'd most to *use it*,  
They're in the fairest way to *lose it*.  
Justice if e'er they attempt to shew it,  
By *Means Unjust* they always do it ;  
Disguise their *Ills* in *Agitation*,  
With loud *Huzza's* of *Reformation* ;  
And when their *Violence* runs most high  
*Mod'ration* is their only *Cry* ;

So Rebels do for *Peace* declare,  
When bent to raise a *Civil War*,  
And cry *God save the Church and Crown*,  
Whilst rushing on to pull 'em down.

When all Sides had their *Raving Fits*,  
And in their Turns grew *Bedlamites* ;  
Whilst *Foaming Authors* of Renown,  
Spread *New-Infection* up and down ;  
And poison'd *Others* by their Writings,  
As *Mad-dogs* by their Frothy Bitings,  
'Twas then, I say, the *Magazine*,  
Of Pow'r who long had silent been ;  
Mov'd by their Blazing *Zeal* arose  
And happen'd thro' Mistake, *God knows*,  
To deem their *Pious Friends* their Foes,  
Who long had dignify'd the Croud  
With Pow'r Supream to make them Proud ;  
Appeal'd to these their \$ .... *Brutes*,  
As the best Judge of all Disputes ;  
And that the Wise *Imperial Throng*,  
Like Papal Chair, could do no Wrong.

But

But were, as *Nob* declares in spite,  
By dint of Number always Right.

These Mighty Lords, the *Gracious Rabble*  
Who Reign'd long since as Kings of *Babel* ;  
Where Jarring Tongues such Discord bred,  
That one scarce knew what t'other said,  
And angry Heav'n was pleas'd to pour  
Confusion round that *Lofty Tow'r*,  
Having of late imbib'd such *Notions*,  
As warranted their vile *Commotions* ;  
They thought without Offence they might  
Assemble to assert their *Right*,  
And in an awful Manner shew 'em  
Their Pow'r who gave it first unto 'em ;  
So he that when he makes a *Feast*,  
*For Friends, inebriates his Guest,*  
And gives them with an Ill Design  
Too great a *Plenty* of his *Wine* ;  
If they *Run Mad, and Spew and Spoil*  
His Parlour, and his Goods *defile* ;

## 14 CANTO I.

He that first made their *Brains* so dizzy,  
Should bear their *Rudeness* and be easy.

So he that will entrust a *Sword*,  
With him that's *Frantick* and *Untow'rd*,  
And then provoke him, ought to feel,  
The *Sharpness* of the pointed *Steel*.

These *Tuchinites*, our *Mighty Lords*,  
According to that *Sage's Words*,  
Arm'd with a *Magazine* of Power,  
Assign'd them by the fam'd *Reviewer* ;  
Aspiring in their *Noble Thought*,  
Above the *Laws* as they'd been taught.  
Presum'd to make a *Street Convention*  
To prosecute some new *Intention* ;  
The bolder Hero's first began,  
Near an Old *Ditch*, their wise *Divan* ;  
Where leaning o'er the *Rails* they stood,  
Consulting *Ancle-deep* in *Mud* ;  
Where *Dung-boats* sail'd in *Dirty Streams*,  
Beneath their Noses, from the *Thames*,

Which

# CANTO I.

15

Which kindly mix'd with Common-shoars,  
As nasty as the Neigh'ring Wh....s.

Here Leathern Aprons, Tatter'd Frocks,  
With Faces black as Chimny-stocks,  
And *Raggamuffins* who would cut,  
For a small Booty Purse or Throat ;  
Were from their Lousy Huts crept out,  
To joyn the bold *Lanarian* Rout ;  
Whose Greasy Rags and Brimless Hats,  
Were half devour'd by Hungry *Rats* ;  
Yet what Remains of *Hat* they'd left,  
Were useful, tho' of *Brims* bereft ;  
Adorn'd their *Noddles* in their Freaks,  
At Night were made their Candlesticks.

When this wild Frape, to *Mischief* free ,  
The *Sons* of Blood and *Cruelty* ;  
Well arm'd with Oaken Stick and Club,  
The *Scepters* of the *Sovereign Mob*,  
In Loud *Huzzas* proclaim'd their Coming,  
On Stalls and Bulks with *Truncheons* Drumming ;

C 2

St,

St. Brigid's Mob advanc'd to meet 'em,  
And did with equal Clamour greet 'em ;  
Much Joyful Madness was exprest,  
As if they now were highly blest,  
To see their furious Noisy Throng,  
So wild, so num'rous and so strong.

When thus according to their *Mind*,  
They all were in one Body Joyn'd ;  
And equally possest with *Devils*,  
Were ready for the worst of *Evils* ;  
Their Hell-born Leaders then thought fit,  
To call a Council in the Street ;  
That they might form some new Example,  
More startling than to burn a *Temple* ;  
And hammer some dark Project out,  
Worthy of such a daring *Rout* ;  
For all *Joint Bodies* whether wise,  
And Just as Senates who despise,  
A Sordid *Act*, and scorn to break  
The Rules they give, or Laws they make.

Or whether Headstrong Wicked Elves,  
All aim at what's most like themselves ;  
For Men of High or Lower Station,  
In spite of Wise *Ratiocination* ;  
Like less intelligible Creatures,  
Pursue the Dictates of their Natures.

And tho' we only walk erect,  
Look upwards and are Heav'ns Elect ;  
And boast our standing on no more  
Than two Legs, yet when arm'd with Pow'r,  
We prove worse Brutes than those with Four.

After some Whispers pass'd about,  
Among the Captains of the *Rout*,  
And those of lower Rank had chose,  
Indentur'd Cit in *Antick Cloths*,  
To be their *Gen'ral* for the Day,  
Commission'd by a loud *Huzza* ;  
Whose Rakish *Impudence* prefer'd,  
The Hopeful *Youth* to lead the Herd ;

That

That e'ry Pace the *Rake* might be  
The nearer to the fatal *Tree*,  
Or some more violent Destiny.

Thus those that sit in Peace above,  
And pour their Vengeance and their Love,  
As they see Just, on *Human Race*,  
Crown some with *Wealth*, give others *Grace* ;  
Do oft Decree the Man of *Spite*,  
To perish in his own Delight ;  
So he that's guided by his Lust,  
Dies by the *Vice* he loves the most.

When thus the bold *Infernal Crew*,  
Had fix'd the Ills they mean'd to do ;  
And chose a true *Unthinking Leader*,  
Whose *Hot-brain'd Fury* knew no Tedder ;  
Tow'rds Good St, *Dunstan* then they stood,  
And turn'd their *Arse* on Old King *Lud*,  
Now like the *Gad'ret Herd of Swine*,  
They *Ran* to forward their *Design*,

As if they were alike *posseſt*,  
 And could not for the *Devil Rest*.

Had Hell's Poor Pris'ners snap'd their **Chains**,  
 To fly from their Incessant Pains ;  
 And frightening *Cerb'rus* from the Gate,  
 Resum'd on Earth their Mortal State ;  
 The 'nfernal Mansions scarce could *Spew*,  
 Among us, such another *Crew*.

Tatter'd and Torn they all appear'd,  
 And look'd as if no God they fear'd ;  
 But Mad as *Bedlamites* in *Straw*,  
 Despis'd both Heav'n, and Humane Law ;  
 With loud Huzzas they *Rent the Skies*,  
 And fill'd the Neighb'ring Streets with Noise ;  
 Put Pious Dames besides their *Wits*,  
 And frightened *Children* into Fits ;  
 Made the *Saints* tremble at their Cries,  
 To think at such a time as this ;  
 That after so much Reformation,  
 Such Brutes should still infest the Nation ;

That e'ry Pace the *Rake* might be  
The nearer to the fatal *Tree*,  
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To think at such a time as this ;  
That after so much Reformation,  
Such Brutes should still infest the Nation ;

As But

## 20 CANTO II.

But let us take what Pains we can,  
 And use the utmost *Art* of Man :  
 Nettles will still grow up to spite us,  
 I' th' fruitful Gardens of the *Righteous* ;  
 And the same *Fertile* Land that Bears  
 Good *Corn*, will cherish Weeds and *Tares*.

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## CANTO II.

*A Continuation of the foregoing Subject.*

When the Rude *Vulgi* thus were met,  
 And e'ry Moment grew more *Great*,  
 Gath'ring fresh *Succour* to their *Throng*,  
 Like *Snowballs* when they're rowl'd along;  
 Among which never thinking *Croad*,  
 'Twas held a vertue to be loud ;  
 Whilst here a *Shove*, and there a *Blow*,  
 For *Common Jests*, pass'd to and fro ;  
 So when the *Horned Herd* to feed,  
 Are turn'd into the *Fertile Mead* ;

They

They Gallup, cock their *Tails* and *Roar*,  
And growing wild each other *Goar*.

Now, at the *Rabble's* great Command,  
Each Coach was forc'd to make a stand ;  
And many tho' of lofty Station,  
Submit to their Examination,  
And with the Patience of a *Joab*,  
Obey their S... L.... the Mob ;  
Who now grown mad 'twixt *Nob* and *Tipple* ;  
Declar'd themselves to be the *People*,  
Who had by Natures Law a *Right* ;  
To do whate'er themselves thought fit ;  
So *Rebels*, when successful grown,  
Will *Brave* and *Dare* the very *Throne* ;  
And rigidly exert their Pow'r,  
O'er those that govern'd them before.

As the *Rude Rabble* now encreas'd,  
In various Raggs and Tatters Dress'd ;  
And tow'rds the *Rooks Old College* drew,  
More *Wild* and *Insolent* they grew ;

No Gang of Sailors stept on Shoar,  
To see some strapping *Wappen Whore*,  
Could in their *Frantick Actions* better  
Express the Freaks of Savage Nature ;  
Than did the loud tremendous Brood,  
Whose Bell'wings seldom bode much Good ;  
Each frightened Dog their *Fury* felt,  
With being either *Dock'd* or *Gelt* ;  
And stubborn Posts were made to Reel,  
By Bangs and Knocks they could not feel.  
So Men provok'd to Indignation,  
By others who despise their Passion :  
Discharge their Fury when they're *Vex'd*,  
On *Stocks* or *Stones* or what comes next.

When thus the bold Infernal Swarm,  
Were boiling-hot for any Harm ;  
'Twas then a certain *Soul Physician*,  
Just fall'n into a bad Condition,  
By vent'ring thro' his *Over Zeal*,  
To probe a Wound he could not Heal ;

Was

Was therefore question'd if his Balsam,  
Were *Stale* and *Naught*, or *Good* and *Wholsome*,  
Which he'd apply'd so piping Hot,  
To *Brethren* that approv'd it not.

It hap'ning that these weighty Matters,  
Between the *Doctor* and his  *Bettters* ;  
By this time having spread am'ng,  
Th' Original of Pow'r the *Throng* :  
To whom the Two Wise *Observators*,  
Those grumbling Twins of *Regulators* ;  
And all the Saints of Modern date,  
So often have appeal'd of late,  
And made thereby, the *Frantick Croud*,  
So Pert, so insolent and Proud ;  
That our new S... L... the *Rabble*,  
Thought they'd a *Native Right* to Squabble  
At all times, on behalf of those,  
Their *Zeal* inclin'd them to espouse,  
Believing they had Pow'r sufficient  
Giv'n 'em long sinc't by the *Omniscient* ;

To rightly Judge without the *Laws*,  
The Person, or his *doubtful Cause* :  
And therefore might, when set upon't,  
Their *Lawful Governours Confront*.  
These empty *Notions* and *Conceits*,  
Quite turn'd the *wav'ring Rabble's Wits* ;  
And made the slaving useful *Creatures*,  
Grow *Proud* and *Saucy* to their *Betters* ;  
So *Mastiffs* kept within our Yards,  
Prove safe and serviceable *Guards* ;  
But if we suffer them to mount  
The *Pails*, on e'ry light Account ;  
They'll grow too *Headstrong* by Degrees,  
And *Tare* and *Worry* whom they please.

The Rabble, rather Brutes than Men,  
Curs'd *ab Origine* from *Cain* ;  
B'ing thus assembl'd in the Street,  
For any Sport or Mischief fit ;  
Whether by some obscure Direction,  
Or guided by their own *Affection* ;

The *Giddy, Wild, Unthinking Herd,*  
Resolv'd to be the *Doctor's Guard* ;  
And headlong to his *Levi Run,*  
Well arm'd with Club instead of Gun,  
And there attended his approach ;  
T' *Huzza* him loudly to his Coach.

The *Doctor* much amaz'd to see,  
The Rabble of their Love so free ;  
Well knowing such *unwelcome Kindness*,  
Caus'd by intemp'rate *Zeal or Blindness* ;  
Or by some buisy Faction ment,  
To Irritate the Government ;  
Gave to the *Mob* a sharp Reproof,  
And wisely thought that *Thanks* enough ;  
For the Rude *Hollows* of a Rout,  
He had much rather been without ;  
So forward Fools will Friendship offer,  
To Persons that despise their *Proffer*  
Thro' Prudence, not Ingratitude,  
Because forc'd Kindnesses are rude.

However all the Rough Perswasions,  
The soft Entreaties and Orations ;  
The Sober Arguments and Prayers,  
That Man could use to *Wilful Bears* ;  
Could not prevail upon the *Rout*,  
To stop their Course, and face about ;  
For Captain *Tom* of this *Fam'd City*,  
Joyn'd with his *Mob* are High and Mighty ,  
Too Wise, too *Headstrong*, and too Bold,  
To be Advis'd, or yet Controul'd ;  
And like stern *Tyrants* will *Postpone*,  
All others Measures, to their own.  
So *Girls* that lay their *Baits* to catch  
Some Youth that's not a *Proper Match* ;  
If *Friends* will not their *Choice* approve,  
The more they're Check'd the more they Love.

Thus did the *Priest* in *Triumph* Ride,  
With *Legions* shouting by his side ;  
Punish'd with the untimely Cry,  
In spite of *Low Church*, *High Church* *High* ;

Which

## CANTO II. 2

Which startling Noise, like *Winters Thunder*,  
Fill'd many List'ning Ears with *Wonder* ;  
So unexpectedly to find,  
The S... People thus unkind ;  
Who had so long been sooth'd and flatter'd,  
*H... ly'd, Review'd, and Observator'd*,  
And tempted by a Thousand Arts,  
To stamp Mod'ration in their Hearts ;  
Yet that at last upon a *Pinch*,  
They from their Good old Friends should flinch  
Who us'd to treat them with *whole Barrels*  
Of Ale, to back them in their *Quarrels* ;  
Encourage them long since to *Swarm*,  
Round such that meant the Nation Harm ;  
And spur'd them on to stand by those,  
Who durst to be their Monarch's Foes ;  
And that they now should hang an *Arse*,  
Or vary from their wonted Course ;  
Forget their *Favours* and *Careffes*,  
Who, by Extreams, and warm *Excesses*,  
Had brought their B...s to a C...s ; }  
Such

Such black Ingratitude must vex,  
 The G....y and their C....e perplex ;  
 Provoke the mildest S... to Swell,  
 And fret and fume like *Bottle Ale*.

But those who do, alàs, depend,  
 Upon the *Mob* to stand their Friend ;  
 And found *Dominion* not in *Grace* ;  
 But in the wav'ring *Populace* ;  
 Must find sometimes the giddy swarm,  
 Instead of Good, will do 'em *Harm* ;  
 And like the *Snake* exert their Pow'r,  
 On those that cherish'd them before ;  
 So *Rusty Guns* if charg'd too high,  
 Recoil when fir'd, and backward fly ;  
 On those who oft have kill'd their Game,  
 And sported freely with the same.

There's no Dependance on a Rude,  
 Destracted giddy Multitude ;  
 Who to each Party's *Mutual Sorrow* ;  
 Are high to Day, and low to Morrow ;

And

And by an old *Tumultuous* sort  
Of Justice, which they make their Sport.  
Turn *Foes* to whom they have been *Friends* ;  
To make the suff'ring side amends ;  
That those who laugh'd aloud at first,  
At last may chance to come by th' worst ;  
And those have *vice versa* next,  
A turn to Laugh who first were vext ;  
Thus 'tis the mode in these our days,  
To spit out *Venom* diff'rent ways ;  
And so by opposite Extreams,  
Persuant to our *Envious Whims* ;  
Express, according to the *Fashion*,  
Our Spite, by way of *Moderation*.

So the sweet Babe of *Early Wit*,  
To please *Mamma* does *Daddy* beat ;  
Then lest the *Dad* the *Brat* should blame,  
It stroaks *Pappa*, and beats the *Mam* ;  
Thus are the Infant *Rabble* taught,  
To vex this *Party Humour* that ;

And learn from *Father* and from *Mother*,  
To please all sides, one after t'other;

When these, the Dregs of *Humane Race*,  
By *Nature* stubborn Fierce and Base,  
Had forc'd themselves without *Reward*,  
Or *Thanks*, to be the Doctor's *Guard* ;  
Attended on him all the Day,  
And brought him back with loud *Hazza* ;  
Expressing their immod'rate Joys,  
In *Jostles*, *Scuffles*, *Shouts* and *Cries*,  
And *Resolutions* to defend,  
The Rev'rend *Champion* to the End ;  
Who was much troubl'd and surpiz'd,  
But could not help what he despiz'd.

So brave Men oft are forc'd to bear,  
Those *Flatt'ries* they abhor to hear ;  
And humour noisy *Crounds* they hate,  
To back tht *Policy* of State.

E'er Light was spent the Boist'rous *Flock*,  
Convey'd the Pensive *Shepherd* back ;

In such wild Pomp that was unknown,  
To those who wear the *Sacred Gown* ;  
That no Heroick Royal *Victor*,  
*Usurper, Gen'ral or Protector* ;  
Could e'er be plagu'd in their Processions,  
With louder *Shouts* and *Acclamations* ;  
As if the loose unchristian *Race*,  
Who'd long been destitute of Grace ;  
Were now reform'd, and would declare,  
To all the Town what Church they were ;  
In hopes their sanctify'd Pretences,  
Would *Varnish o're* their *Vile Offences* ;  
Or that it might the better *Skreen*,  
Some Mist'ry that was hid therein ;  
So *Filts* wed those they ne're affected,  
Purely t' intrigue the less suspected ;  
And that the *Spouse* may bear the Blame,  
Of what's transacted by his *Dame*.

As soon as the Promiscuous Rout,  
Had giv'n the *Priest* a *Parting Shout* ;

And lodg'd their Fav'rite, they withdrew,  
 Some new Adventure to Persue ;  
 Leaving the *Thoughtful Guide* to Ponder ;  
 On those Afflictions he was under ;  
 When of that noisy Clamour eas'd,  
 With which he had so long been teas'd,  
 So when a *Prince* has done great Feats,  
 And rides in *Triumph* thro' the Streets ;  
 Tho' *Farthing Candles* please his Sight,  
 And the loud Mob his *Ears* delight ;  
 He's glad, when all the *Pomp* is past,  
 To find he's got safe *Home* at last.

## C A N T O III.

*On the Mob's pulling down Doctor B.....'s Meeting-house.*

**T**H' *Infernal Brood* being now abroad,  
 Not Eas'ly to be tam'd or aw'd ;  
 But like the *Dev'l* in a *Passion*,  
 Rais'd by unskilful *Conjuration* ;

Must

Must if they once have got their Head,  
Employ'd before they can be laid ;  
Accordingly with Zeal as hot,  
As Broth in *boiling Porridge-Pot* ;  
When the *Fat* leaps into the *Fire*,  
And makes the Liquor *boil* the higher ;  
After some little *Consultation*,  
Which way or how to vent their *Passion* ;  
Whether on him who'd crown'd the *Rabble*,  
To make the *Sov'reign Pow'r* a *Bauble* ;  
And labour'd like a *Tom-a-doodle*,  
To place the *Rump* above the *Noddle* ;  
Or whether they should steer their *Course* ;  
And exercise their *Evil Force*  
On him that used much *Malediction*,  
Against a *Brother* in *Affliction* ;  
And like a *Trew-Blew Moderator* ;  
Would *Hang* him first, and *Try* him a'ter ;  
But one, a leader of the *Brutes*,  
To put an end to all *Disputes* ;  
Held forth a little to the rest ;  
And thus in short his *Mind* express.

Should

Should we, like *Giddy Fools*, Despite  
The Priest that does assert our *Right* ;  
And gives us *Title* to Confront  
Our Kings, and call them to *Account*.  
To our own *Friends* we should be rude,  
And treat them with Ingratitude ;  
No, should we prove so rashly blind,  
They'd dash it in our Dish you'd find,  
And say, as *Pow'der* in a Flame,  
Blew up the *Monk* that mix'd the same ;  
So we have made the Priest our Sport,  
That gave us *Pow'r* to do the hurt,

These *Arguments* convinc'd the *Rout*,  
And made the *Scoundrels* face about ;  
Who in a *Fury* Westward ran,  
In quest of such another *Man* ;  
Who did thro' *Providence* escape,  
The Rage of the *Misjudging Frape* ;  
So that with base *unhallowed Hands*,  
Persuant to the *Dev'l's Commands* ;

## CANTO III.

35

Or some curs'd Wretch as bad as he,  
That led the vile *Mobility* ;  
To the great Shame of *Humane Race*,  
They sack'd the Good Man's *Holy Place* ;  
And there, as Fame reports the *Matter*,  
Among his *Pews* made wicked *Slaughter* ;  
Leaving the sacred *Conventicle*,  
Polluted in a shameful *pickle* ;  
So Rebels flush'd in *Civil Wars*,  
Who *Gallows* fear no more than *Scars* ;  
To vex the Prince that wears the *Crown*,  
Pull *Palaces* and *Churches* down.

The Sacred Fold, b'ing thus defil'd,  
And the Flocks, Pens and Hurdles spoil'd ;  
Wherein the *Shepherd's* Stiff-neck'd Rams,  
And all his pretty *Tews* and *Lambs*,  
Were by their Good old *Nursing Father*,  
Call'd twice or thrice a Week *together* ;  
And *Fodder'd* e'ry other Day,  
With Grace instead of Grass or Hay ;

The

The *Mob* each laden with their Plunder,  
As much as they could well stand under ;  
Carr'd off the Trophies they had *Won*  
By the bold Hazards they had *Run*,  
And like successful Soldiers flush'd  
With Victory away they rush'd,  
Into a *Neigh'ring Field* that there,  
They might Refresh in op'ner Air ;  
And sacrifice their *Wooden Spoils*,  
In hopes their *Heath'nish* flaming *Piles*,  
Might make *Atonement* for their *Ills* ;  
So *Canibals* who hold it Good,  
To prey on Humane *Flesh* and *Blood*,  
When they've subdu'd some *Wand'ring Wretch*,  
With *Fleshy Chine*, and *Brawny Britch* ;  
Pick here and there a Bit that's best,  
Then offer to the *Devil* the Rest.

Some who defil'd the *Holy Ground*,  
With sides of *Pews* their *Noddles Crown'd* ;  
Others with here and there a *Door*,  
Whose *Heads* were only *Blocks* before ;

'Tis

# C A N T O III.

3

'Tis therefore to be understood,  
They only added *Wood* to *Wood* ;  
And that each *Scoundrel* had a *Skul*,  
Hard as the *Wainscot* that he stole ;  
And e'ry Jot as thick and dull.

Some of the more *Revengeful Mob* ;  
Who took the Pulpit for a *Tub* ;  
The *Sacred Hut* in pieces pull'd ;  
Where *Pious D...l* oft had loll'd ;  
And with his *Merry Tales* diverted,  
Despairing *Saints* half broken hearted ;  
Who did not Join his *Congregation* ;  
Alone for *Christian Consolation* ;  
But for the Affable *Promotion* ,  
Of *Frantick Flirts* beside the *Cushion* ;  
For tho' perhaps with *Thund'ring Voice* ;  
He'd *Damn* his Hearers twice or thrice ;  
Yet he'd ne'er fail to treat 'em after,  
With a kind healing Mess of *Laughter* ;  
So Quacks or Nurses when they give us,  
A bitter *Potion* to relieve us,

F

Pop

Pop something down that's sweet at last,  
To carry off the nauseous Taſt.

Thus did the Mob's unhallow'd Hands,  
The Pulpit turn to Fiery Brands ;  
And, therefore, to the Flames of Course,  
Condemn'd the Pews without Remorse ;  
As if the Sacred Goods had been,  
Made Privy to that Carnal Sin ;  
Which caus'd the Lady of the House,  
Who'd found her Man and Maid too close,  
To turn the Lovers out of Door,  
And burn the sinful Furniture.

Thus was the Meeting by the Rabble,  
Left like Saint Paul's when made a Stable ;  
The Walls impair'd, the Windows shatter'd,  
The Roof and all the Building batter'd ;  
That now it looks disrob'd of Pews,  
And Pulpit, rather like a Stew  
Deserted by the Kind and Fair,  
Who kept it once in good Repair ;

Than

# CANTO III.

39

Than like a Meeting, whose *Foundation*  
Sood firm on Rock of *Toleration* ;  
And that the *Magazine* of *Pow'r*,  
Had thus presum'd to pull it lower ;  
Nor is its suddain *Downfal* strange,  
Since all things upon *Earth* must Change ;  
The *Strong*, the *Rich*, the *Good*, the *Great*,  
Must in their *Turns* submit to Fate,  
And holy *Places* that have been,  
Long since the nurseries of Sin ;  
Perhaps fam'd *Dancing Schools* before,  
May happen to be so once more,  
Why not, since sacred *Walls* by *Rebels*,  
Turn'd heretofore to Barns and Stables ;  
Are now reform'd from their Abuses,  
And so restor'd to *Pious Uses*.

The Graceless *Croud* thus carry'd off,  
The Good Man's sacred *Household-stuff* ;  
Wasting his *Cordials* which they met with  
In *Vestry Cubboard*, kept to *whet with* ;

That e'er he climb'd the *Holy Place*,  
To shed the *Drippings* of his *Grace* ;  
A Coague of some good *Houswife's Water*,  
Might Chear his *Spirits*, strengthen Nature,  
And make the *Guide* hold forth the better ; }  
So *Pious Matrons* when they're past  
Intrigue, and grow *Devoutly Chast*,  
Take Drams of *Comfort* e'ry Day,  
As often as they *P....s* or *Pray* ;  
For most *Good Ladies* have a *Notion*,  
What warms their *Spirits*, helps *Devotion* ;  
From whence some *Saints* inclin'd to *Fuddling*,  
Are most Religious when they're *Maudling*.

Nor did the *Rabble* spare his *Pipes*,  
Of Mortal Clay, those *Brittle Types*,  
Which often serv'd the *Good Old Man*,  
To *Smoak* and *Moralize* upon ;  
And cool him after two Hours sweating,  
With over *Pains*, and over *Prating* ;  
Yet these Rapacious *Interlopers*,  
Turn'd all the crusty *Tubes* to *Stopers*,

And

## CANTO III.

41

And strew'd about the *Wicked Weed*,  
Like *Gard'ners* when they sow their Seed,  
As if they thought it was no Sin,  
To ruin what they found therein,  
Unless the Fruits of their Abuse,  
Should be Carr'd Home to their *own Use*:  
Who came not in such *Publick Joy*,  
To Steal, but only to Destroy;  
So Ladies who by seeming Force  
Are Ravish'd, think they're ne'er the worse;  
Lest they take *Mony* for their *Pains*,  
And *Sin* for *Mercenary Gains*;  
Or that they chance to be defil'd,  
By getting either *Pox* or *Child*.

When each *rejoycing Brute* had brought  
His *Trophies* to th' appointed Spot;  
They cast their *Burthens* to the *Ground*,  
And with *Huzza's* their Labour *Crown'd*,  
Believing they had done a *Deed*,  
No prosp'r'ous Army could exceed;

And

42. CANTO III.

And that the *daring impious Pains*

They'd taken for so *little Gains* ;

Deserv'd the thankful *Approval*,

Of all *Well-wishers* to the Nation,

Except the *Saints of Toleration*.

So *Pious Rebels* who begun,

The glorious Work of *Forty One* ;

Thank'd Heav'n for all their *Hellish Murders*,

And Joy'd amidst their *vile Disorders*,

That *Zealous Fools* might loudly *Praise*,

The Work of those *Reforming Days* ;

And think their *Wickedness* was meant,

T' at length produce some good Event.

In mighty *Order* now they laid,

The *Spoils* their *Wicked Hands* had made ;

*Pews* upon *Pews* with Art they Pil'd,

That what they'd Plunder'd and Defil'd,

Might first be purify'd by *Fire*,

And then in *Smoak* to Heav'n aspire ;

As if they thought the *Wicked Prize,*

They'd stol'n, a pleasing *Sacrifice;*

So *Hodmantots*, because their ~~Feasts~~,

Chiefly consist of *Guts of Beasts*;

They think they merit *Bliss* not *Blame,*

In off'ring to their *Gods* the same.

When thus they'd pil'd their *Plunder* up,

And with the Pulpit crown'd the *Top*;

As if those *Heathens* who were nigh it,

Wish'd th' Owner there to *Occupy* it;

That he and's *Meeting-house* together,

Might both ascend the Lord knows whither;

And like the *Monk* to Heav'n aspire,

Against his Will in *Smoak* and *Fire*;

So Rebels in *Religious* times,

When *Blood* and *Theft* were thought no *Crimes*;

With others *Lives* and *Goods* made Sport,

Yet meant poor harmless *Souls* no hurt;

Sought only *Profit* and *Applause*,

By pushing on the *Good Old Cause.*

When

When thus the *Holy Goods* they'd spoil'd,  
Were into one *High Mountain* pil'd ;  
And ready to receive the *Fire*,  
By which th' were destin'd to expire :  
A flaming *Torch* was handed to't,  
By some bold *Sacrilegious Brute* ;  
Whose Malice no Distinction knew,  
Between a *Babbin* and a *Pew* ;  
Or any Difference in his *Maggot*,  
Betwixt a *Pulpit* and a *Faggot* ,  
But thought as long as both would burn,  
That both alike might serve their turn ;  
And make a *Bonfire* for the *Rout*,  
*To Hollow*, *Sport*, and *Dance about* ;  
So those who, hating all that's Papal,  
Ransack'd the *Spanish Popish Chappel* ;  
Made no Distinction in their Malice,  
'Twixt *Common Silver* and the *Chalice* ;  
But like a true *Reforming Rabble*,  
Ev'n Plunder'd the *Communion Table*.

## CANTO IV.

*On the Mob's Revels round the Bon-fire.*

THE Sacred Pile b'ing now in Flames,  
To th' Grief of many Pious Dames ;  
Who wept to see the Rabble use,  
Their Consecrated Seats and Pews ;  
Like Crazy Chairs with broken Backs,  
And Beadsteads full of Bugs and Cracks ;  
Disabl'd by the sinful Follies,  
Of Common Strumpets and their Bullies ;  
And from some Brothel torn away,  
Upon an Easter Holyday ;  
At such a Merry time to please,  
The Cropear'd London 'Prentices ;  
That they might learn when Young and Bold,  
To Mob with better Grace when Old.

Have we, said they, on *Powder-Treason*,  
When *Bonfires* are the most in Season,  
Collect broken Tubs and Hoops,  
To burn their *Devils*, and their *Popes* ;  
Supply'd their Wants with thin *Old-Groats*,  
To chear their Hearts and wet their Throats ;  
That they might *Revel, Whoop and Hollow*,  
With more undaunted *Zeal* when *Mellow* ;  
Break *Popish Windows* where no light,  
Appear'd to celebrate the Night ;  
Stop *Coaches*, and exact a *Fee*,  
For crying, *Down with Popery* ;  
And *Worry* those that would not stand,  
To hear and answer their *Demand* ;  
And have they now at last turn'd *Tail*,  
On us that always wish'd 'em well ;  
And set them up so oft to be,  
The *Bulwark* of our *Libertie*.

O Shame on this *Ungrateful Crowd*,  
The Scandal of the *Multitude* ;

# CANTO IV. 47

who never fail'd, we must allow,  
To be our faithful Friends till now ;  
But always readily agreed,  
To serve us at a *time of Need.*

Who'd think that in these *Pious Days,*  
They should be so depriv'd of *Grace* ;  
Who always us'd to lend the *Nation,*  
A willing Hand tow'rds *Reformation* ;  
And at all Seasons were so free,  
To pull down *Popish Tyranny.*

But now they're funk into a State,  
That's *Wicked, Base* and *Reprobate* ;  
And are no longer to be trusted,  
When Matters come to be *Adjusted.*

By this, alas, it is too *Plain,*  
There is no Confidence in *Man* ;  
O *Neighbours !* Flesh and Blood we see,  
Are *Wanton, Frail,* and *Slippery* ;  
And never truly as they shou'd,  
Stand long to any *Cause* that's good ;

But soon *Draw-back*, and fall at length,  
For want of *Constancy* and *Strength*.

Alas, I'm almost spent, for why,  
Much talk has made me wond'rous dry ;  
If you're not faint, I vow I am,  
Here *Neighbour*, 'tis a *Cordial Dram*,  
E'en let them take their own ill way,  
The Wind will turn and so may they.

The sober *Brethren* too beheld,  
With *Shaking Heads* the *Shining Field* ;  
And with full *Hearts* and flowing *Eyes*,  
Bemoan'd the *Burning Sacrifice* ;  
One would cry out in *Indignation*,  
What means this sudain *Alteration* ;  
Good L...d who would have thought the *Rabbles*,  
Were so ingrateful and instable ;  
Have we for many *Reigns* together,  
Tutor'd and Nurs'd 'em like a *Father* ;  
Made them the Curb of *Sov'reign Pow'r*,  
Religion's strong defensive *Tow'r* ;

Taught

Taught them by *Clamour* how to give  
A Check to the *Prerogitive* ;  
To hunt down *Pop'ry* when we meant,  
To fall upon another *Scent* ;  
That is, to Chase the *Government* :  
And can they now O *Brutes* declare,  
For what we know they never were ;  
And tune their Old *Republick Throats*,  
To such *Prophane* ill-boding *Notes* ;  
That threaten all we have projected,  
With *Disappointments* unexpected ;  
So Good *Intents* in *Holy Times*,  
Of old were often constru'd *Crimes* ;  
And by the *People* set at naught,  
When to a hopeful *Crisis* brought,

Have we bestow'd such *Annual Boons*,  
And Stipends on *Apollo's Sons* ;  
Our gifted Brethren of the *Pen*,  
Those Pious, Learn'd and *Honest Men* ;  
Who spread their *Morals* up and down ;  
In e'ry Corner of the *Town*,

That

50 CANTO IV.

That those who would *Instructions* seek,  
Might read their *Duty* e'ry *Week* ;  
And o'er their *Coffee* for a Penny,  
Ferment their *Zeal* in *Case* they've any ;  
And grow as wise in *State Affairs*,  
As *City Aldermen* and *Mayors* ;  
That e'ry *Novice* might be taught,  
To tell his *Brother Dunce* what's what;  
And thwart a *Man* of twice the *Sense*,  
With *Modish Noise* and *Impudence*.

And has all this *Expensive Pains*,  
The *Cost* of *Mony* and of *Brains* ;  
Fix'd no more *Justice* in the *Rabble*,  
Than if our Prints on *Coffee-house Table*,  
Had been no more than *Bibble Babble*.

O Brethren ! 'tis a *Burning Shame*,  
Our *Holy Things* should end in Flame ;  
And that the Seats of our Devotion,  
Thro' our Old Friend's *Mistaken Notion* ;

Should

# CANTO IV.

51

Should thus be *Plunder'd* and *Coufounded*,  
By such a *Mob*, which if well founded,  
Are not true *Cavalier*, but *Roundhead*.

}

For look ye, *Brethren*, pray consider,  
Altho' they've stretch'd beyond their *Tedder* ;  
Perhaps, Poor Lambs, they might revolt  
For *Int'rest*, then it was no *Fault* ;  
Because we cannot but allow,  
That's a strange *Plea*, as things go now ;  
You know sometimes for *Interest sake*,  
We take an *Oath* we mean to break ;  
Step a few Yards within the Door  
O'th' *Church*, to gain a *Customer* ;  
Submit to th' *Sacramental Tye*,  
When e'er we see good Reason why,  
Yet never think we're *Bound* thereby.

}

For since the *Wicked* do agree,  
'Tis best for their *Security* ;  
To fence their *Interest* round about,  
With *Oaths*, to keep the *Righteous* out ;

It

It always ought to be our *Care*,  
To make a *Gap* that we may *share*,  
Th' *Advantage* they would fain *ingross*,  
By keeping all that's *gainful* close,  
In case we had no *Ways* to break,  
Or *Leap* those *Fences* which they make.

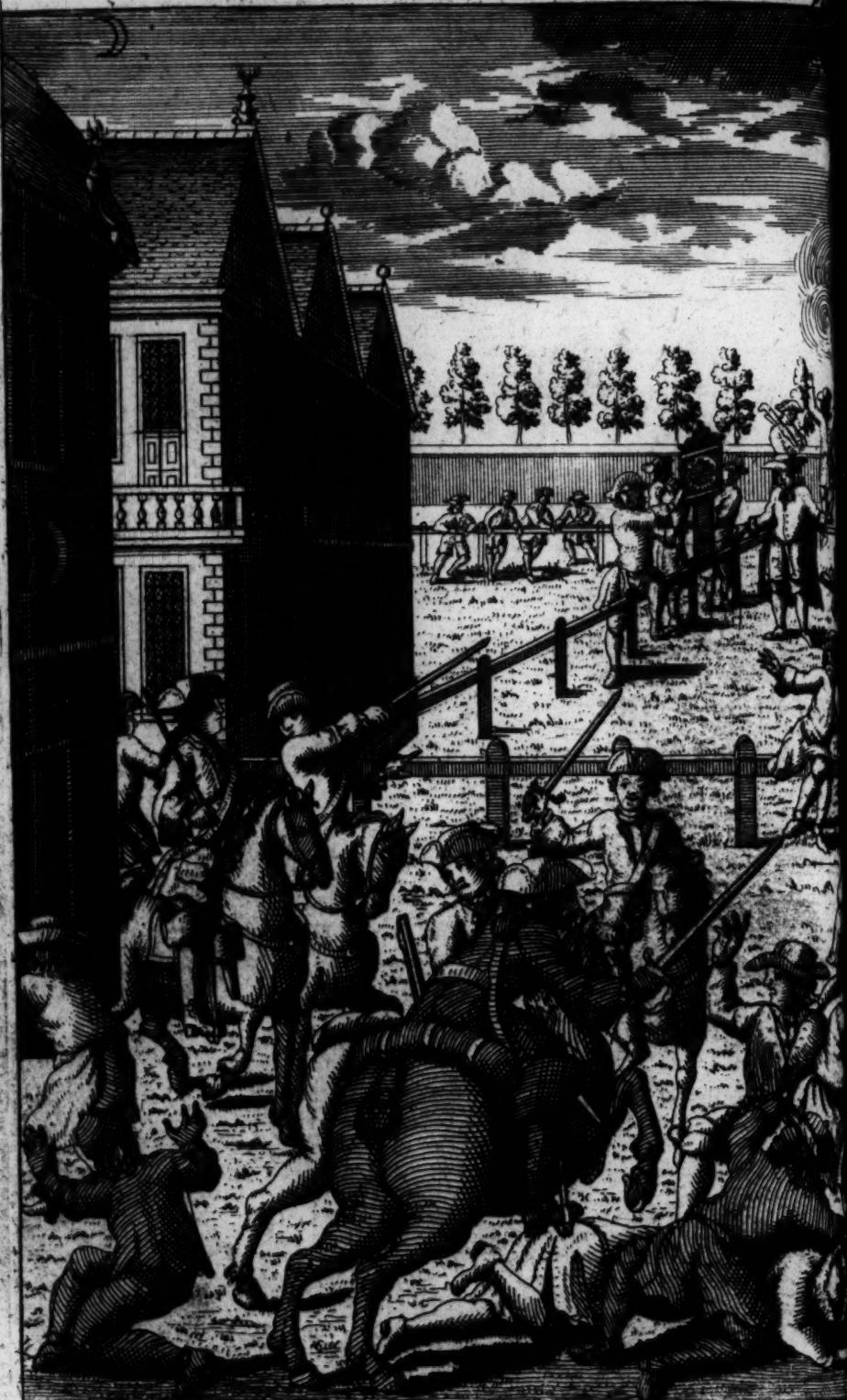
Therefore, as *Profit* is a *Plea*,  
For all *Out-side Conformity* ;  
And Men may *Quarrel* or *Comply*,  
According as their *Int'rests Lie*.

On second *Thoughts*, we should excuse,  
The People's playing *Fast* and *Loose* ;  
Provided in the end 'tis found  
That *Mony* made them change their *Ground* ;  
For *Int'rest* cannot be *withstood*,  
By those who're *Conscious* of their *Good* ;  
No more than *Wantons* can refuse,  
Those *Pleasures* they delight to *use*.

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The End of the first Part.





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*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
OR, THE  
British HUDIBRAS.

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PART II.

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CANTO V.

*The burning of the Clock; and the  
Speech of a Holy Brother to the  
Poor Machine, before it was com-  
mitted to the Devouring Flames.*

THE growing Flame now thriv'd apace,  
And spread its Lustre round the place;  
In Ruffling Sheets arose on high,  
And stain'd with Red the Distant Sky;

H

That

That Learn'd *Astrologers* might know,  
By th' Heav'ns what was done *below* ;  
And in the Bright *Reflection* see,  
The Graceless *Rabble's* Cruelty ;  
Who danc'd and hollow'd round the Flame,  
And loudly glory'd in their *Shame* ;  
Whilst fiery Flakes and Sparks were cast,  
From *Crackling Planks* that spit their last  
Upon their Sweaty *Heads* and *Faces*,  
Who'd torn them from their *Sacred Places* ;  
So *Foxes* when they're weary grown.  
And by the *Dogs* quite hunted down ;  
At last when all *Resistance* fails,  
They Dung and Piss upon their *Tails*,  
And dying, whisk it in the *Eyes*  
Of their voracious *Enemies*.

As the proud *Flames* the fiercer grew,  
Around the Pile more *Rabble* drew ;  
Rattling their *Broomstaves*, and their *Clubs*,  
That Foes might dread their *Knocks* and *Drubs* ;



Expressing in a *Gen'ral Voice*,  
Their mutual *Madness* and their *Joys*,  
Jostling and thumping one another,  
In Jest to try each *Hardy Brother* ;  
That they might guess by this their *Clubbing*,  
Who would, or would not stand a drubbing ;  
In case that they should meet and squabble,  
With some resisting *Low-Church Rabble* ;  
So *Bully Hectors* and *Bravadoes*,  
Those *Hotbrain'd, Drunken Desperadoes*,  
Whose *Looks* are seldom free from *Scars*,  
Acquir'd in *Tavern-Broils* and *Wars* ;  
Fall out among themselves to try,  
The Courage of their *Friends* thereby ;  
That they may know how far they'll Run  
A *Risque*, when they're depended on.

The *Rabble* taking much delight,  
To see their *Trophies* shine so bright ;  
Did the same *Frantick Joy* express,  
As on the Day of Good Queen *Bess* ;

Or when th' assemble to remember,  
The Fourth or Fifth Day of November ;  
The *Kingdom* fav'd upon the one,  
On t'other like to've been undone ;  
So neither *Prince* or *Powder-Plot*,  
Should be by *Protestants* forgot ;  
Since most Men do affirm I know,  
That we as many Blessings owe,  
To One's *Successes* and *Anointment*,  
As to the other's *Disappointment* ;  
We therefore ought, who can't deny  
The wondrous *Good* we've reap'd thereby ;  
T' express our *Joy* so much the rather,  
'Cause two such Days thus Jump together.

Whilst each *lin'd Pew*, and *matted Form*,  
That kept the S...s *Posteriars* warm ;  
Long Occupy'd by *Pious Dames*,  
Were now consuming in the *Flames* ;  
The Faithful *Clock* which oft before,  
Had pointed to the *Pudding Hour* ;

And

And told the *Preacher* many a time,  
When Pig and Goose were in their Prime ;  
And when they *Liss'ning* Saints and Sinners,  
Were ready for their *Courser Dinners* ;  
Was now advance'd upon a Rail,  
Near *Neighbour* to the Flaming Pile ;  
That as the *Hand* with leisure turn'd,  
The *Mob* might see how fast it burn'd ;  
But as the costly Engine stood,  
Lock'd up in *Transitory Wood* ;  
A sad relenting Son of *Grace*,  
With weeping *Eyes* and Meager *Face*,  
Fetch'd a deep *Sigh* before he spoke,  
And thus bemoan'd the *Moving-Clock*.

Ah Poor *Machine*, how oft alas !  
Have I beheld thee thro' thy *Glass* ;  
And watch'd thee with a *Wishing Eye*,  
Till th' hungry Hour of *Twelve* drew nigh ;  
That thou might'st tell our faithful *Pastor*,  
Who long had been thy *Careful Master* ;

When

When *Fowls* waited for my *Lady*,  
And *Alewife's Buttock Beef* was ready ;  
When *Night Cap Bakers* were about,  
To draw their *Pies* and *Puddings* out ;  
And when his own *Cook-Maid* began,  
To Curse him o'er the *Dripping-pan* ;  
And fret and fume for fear the *Boil'd*  
*Young Cockrils* shoud, alas, be spoil'd ;  
Or that the *Turky, Goose, or Pheasant*,  
Sent by some *Hearer* as a Present,  
Should by his over painful *Teaching*,  
To her *Disgrace* that rul'd the *Kitchin* ;  
Be pall'd, o'er roasted and unfit,  
For such a Fine-mouth'd *Saint* to eat ;  
Who does not only truly know  
What's Good for th' Soul, but Body too ;  
And tho' he rails at those *Ill Men*,  
As *Hirelings*, who have *One in Ten* ;  
He can be *Merry, Brisk, and Blith*,  
O'er a *Fat Pig* that is no *Tyth* ;  
Tho' sent him by some *Holy Brother*,  
Who can't afford himself another.

But 'tis allow'd our *Guides* may dine,  
On Dainty Bits, and costly Wine ;  
Whilst we beneath their *Nursing Care*,  
Content our selves with *Courser Fare*.

O Useful Engine ! after all  
Thy Service, must I mourn thy Fall ;  
Thou that hast not one erring Wheel  
Within thee, made of *Popish Steel* ;  
Nor in thy Wheels one *High-Church Tooth*,  
To make thee vary from the Truth ;  
But by thy *Motions* shews thou'rt full,  
Of *Revolution Principle* ;  
And that in spite of *Pope* thou art,  
True *Protestant* in e'ry Part ;  
Ne'er Ran too fast, or mov'd too slow,  
But did with *Moderation* go ;  
Nor didst thou like designing *Brother*,  
Proceed one way, and point another ;  
But by thy constant Course *Proclaim*,  
Thy *Hand* and *Heart* were still the same.

O wretched *Prodigy* of Art,  
I wish I could thy *Doom* divert ;  
How gladly would I take thee Home,  
And place thee in my finest *Room* ;  
Pray by thee twice or thrice a Day,  
And Watch thee too as well as Pray ;  
Make thee the darling of my *Wife*,  
Preserve thee as I would my *Life*.

But Ah, thy Melancholy Tick,  
That sounds, alas, so *Death-watch* like ;  
Does to my frightened *Ears* fortel,  
Thy Fate is irrevocable ;  
And that the *Varnish'd Case* you wear,  
Japan'd with so much *Art* and *Care* ;  
Must soon be made, to please the *Croud* ;  
Your *Mourning Coffin* or your *Shroud* ;  
And that you've only now the Pow'r,  
To point out the unhappy *Hour* ;  
Wherein your *Motion* must expire;  
In this *Revengeful Wicked Fire* ;

And

And you be made the Sport and Mock  
Of *Fools*, and cease to be a *Clock* ;  
So fare thee well, I must forsake thee,  
The *Rogues* are coming now to take thee.

No sooner, had lie whisper'd forth  
These words, and told the *Clock* its *Worth* ;  
Which on the Rail preserv'd its motion,  
Till snatch'd from thence to execution,  
But Captain *Tom* with Boatswain's *Voice*,  
Commands a File of *Jolly Boys*,  
To bring the poor condemn'd *Machine*,  
To th' flaming Pile, and cast therein  
The costly *Timist*, loudly *Crying* ;  
'Twas given to Fanatick *Lying*,  
And therefore ought, says all the Scrubs,  
To perish with the *Tub of Tubs* ;  
So in they heav'd, Time's *Mensurator*,  
Who never mov'd one Moment a'ter ;  
But like a gentle *Low-Church Lamb*,  
Submitted to the *High-Church Flame* ;

At parting gave the time of Day,  
And then in silence slid away.

Thus what much *Time* and *Pains* had *Cost*,  
Was in one fatal *Minute* lost ;  
So when the Roundhead *Rabble* Reign'd,  
And *Holy Things* were much profan'd ;  
They burnt all *Popish Trinkets*, also  
Whate'er them selves were pleas'd to call so ;  
That should this prove a *Popish Plot*,  
As some say 'tis, and others not :  
They've but return'd in all this stir,  
*A Rowland for an Oliver.*

The *Tub*, the *Clock*, the *Forms* and *Pews*,  
Which *Calvin's* Saints were wont to use ;  
The *Rafter*s, *Beams* and *Window Frames*,  
Were all catch'd hold of by the *Flames* ;  
So that the *Fruits* of this their *Rapine*,  
Were now past danger of escaping ;  
In Case the *Brawny Guards* from *Court*,  
Had come to interrupt their *Sport* ;

For, lo, the Ornamental Wood,  
That once in beautious Order stood,  
And e'ry stubborn-Timber-piece,  
Began to crackle Smoak and Hiss,  
That none could snatch away the Firing,  
Without the *hazard* of Expiring ;  
Tho' some Good Men, who little thought,  
To see so sad a sight *G . . . d mot* ;  
In doleful *Dumps*, stood sighing by,  
And view'd the Fire with watry Eye ;  
As if they meant to weep a Flood,  
That should have rescu'd if they Cou'd,  
From *Wicked Flames* the *Sacred Wood*.

So Bunting *Bess*, and Oyster *Nan*,  
Behold with *Grief* the handsom *Man* ;  
Who from the *Villain's Dismal Gate*,  
Is riding backwards to his Fate ;  
Attend the Wretch with mournful Cries,  
Set off with dripping Blubber'd Eyes ;  
And wring their Hands with great *Devotion*,  
But cannot stop the Execution.

When now the *Holy Goods* were past  
Relief, and bound to see their last ;  
And to the Noisy *Mob's* desire,  
The Carcase of the *Raging Fire* ;  
That flaming Product of their *Fury*,  
Was in the Zenith of its *Glory* ;  
The *Croud* to farther Mischiefs bent,  
Began to think their time mispent ;  
Therefore with Captain *Tom* their Leader,  
They call'd a *Council* to consider,  
What further *Work* they'd left undone ;  
That might that *Night* be carry'd on ;  
So the *State Fox*, who with success,  
Has Crown'd one daring *Wickedness* ;  
Consults with some assisting Brother,  
Which way to perpetrate another.

No sooner had their *Heads* been laid  
Together, and Proposals made ;  
But they concluded to divide,  
And then more *Tubs* the Rabble cry'd.

When

When the Heard, likeing this Advice,  
Had loudly hollow'd twice or thrice ;  
To shew their *Joyful Approbation*,  
Of some new Whim in *Agitation* ;  
The Captains of the bold Rapscallions  
Next, form'd 'em into four *Battalions* ;  
That being sev'rally implyo'd,  
Divers at once might be destroy'd ;  
And the more Holy Places feel  
The sad effects of *Frantick Zeal* ;  
Some shouting in a *Boistrous Throng*,  
Tow'rd's *Nevel's Ally* march'd along ;  
Others as loud and mad as they,  
To *Alesb'ry Chappel* made their Way ;  
A third detachment of the Herd,  
For *Black-Fryars Meeting-House* declar'd ;  
The Fourth Division in a heat,  
Cry'd one and all for *Kerbystreet* ;  
Thus wilder far than Unback'd *Horses*,  
They hollowing steer'd their sev'ral Courses ;  
With equal *Resolution* bent,  
To further shew their ill intent ;

And

And not to leave on Shop of *Grace*,  
They met with standing in its *Place*;  
No wonder so *Robust* a *Crew*,  
Should such Infernal *Work* persue;  
Since those in higher Stations blest,  
Make all Religion but a *Fest*;  
And by the Disregard they shew it,  
Teach Others to be *Foes* unto it.

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## CANTO VI.

*Their further Mischiefs, and the  
suppressing of the Rabble, by the  
Guards.*

**N**O sooner were each noisy Rude  
Division of the *Daring Croud*,  
Brought, by their furious Chiefs before,  
A Meeting-Window, or a Door;  
But *Clubs* and *Staves*, and other Tackle,  
Soon forc'd the Boarded *Tabernacle*;

And

And serv'd the roaring *Desperadoes*,  
Instead of *Bombs* and *Handgranadoes* ;  
For e'ry strong revengeful *Stroak*,  
And eager bold destructive *Knock*,  
Were given with so good a *Heart*,  
They made a *Board* or *Pannel* start,  
No artful *Strength* of *Bar* or *Bolt*,  
Could stand so vigorous an *Affault* ;  
Where willing *Hands* in Concord Joyn'd,  
Soon finish'd what the *Brutes* design'd ;  
Who ne'er stood musing shilly shall I ;  
But when they'd enter'd *Meeting-Ally*,  
Like *Furies* nimbly fell to work,  
And did strange *Wonders* with a *Jirk* ;  
Such that amaz'd the *Suff'ring side*,  
That nothing but the *Pope* some cry'd,  
Or *Devil*, could bewitch the *Mob*,  
To perpetrate so base a *Jobb* ;  
Thus *Sathan* often bears the blame,  
When *Man* alone deserves the shame ;  
For some to *Good* are so averse,  
They need no *Dev'l* to make 'em worse.

By

By their first *Rapine* made expert,  
They plunder'd now like *Men of Art* ;  
With so much readynes run thro'it,  
As if they'd been *Apprentic'd* to it,  
And did their sev'ral *Meetings* gut,  
I'th' time a *Monkey* cracks a *Nut* ;  
The sturdy *Pannels* tho' of *Oak*,  
And stubborn *Beams* and *Boards* they broak,  
With as much ease when Warm and Angry,  
As they do *Pie-Crust* when they're Hungry ;  
The *Doors* from off their *Hinges* flew,  
And Nails o'th' biggest *Size* they drew ;  
More nimblly with their *Knocks* and *Thumps*,  
Than *Tonsor Qack* draws *Rotten Stumps* ;  
And when the active *Brutes* had done,  
The *Second Work* they'd thus began ;  
The *Sacred Spoils* they glean'd abroad,  
They brought into the *Western-Road* ;  
And there among the *Chanc'ry Inns*,  
Where *Sins* are punish'd oft with *Sins* ;  
And spiteful Knaves that love *Disputes*,  
Give earnest for their Endless *Sutes* ;

They

They laid their broken *Plunder* down,  
Gather'd from sev'ral Parts oth' *Town* ;  
That in the mid'st of that *High-street*,  
Where *Rogues* their dying *Comrades* greet ;  
As the *Pale Wretches* backwards slide,  
In Carts and Sledges to be ty'd ;  
They might erect a second *Holy*  
*Bonfire*, to gratify their *Folly* ;  
That they might *Revel* to their Shame,  
Like sporting *Insects* round the *Flame* ;  
And bid *Defiance* to the *Law*,  
That does the *Sword* of *Justice* draw ;  
By doing such *Abominations*,  
Before the *Lawyers Habitations* ;  
So hardy *Rogues* to shew their Fellows,  
How little they regard the *Gallows* ;  
Make fatal *Tyburn* but their *Scoff*,  
And Rob sometimes in sight thereof.

By that time they had brought enough,  
Of the Old *Holy Householdstuff* ;

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T' express their Gladness in a *Blaze*,  
For these our happy *Halcyon* days ;  
And that a second *Fire* might shew,  
Their *Dogstar-Zeal* still the hotter grew ;  
The Court appris'd of all the *Pains*,  
They'd taken, for no *Thanks* or *Gains* ;  
Order'd the Guards with speed to Run,  
And pay 'em for the Work they'd done ;  
Lest in the height of their *Distraction*,  
They should attempt some *Noble Action*,  
And seize the *Bank* for Satisfaction.

For tho' the *Rabble* meant no hurt,  
And only play the *Rogue* for sport ;  
Untile a *Meeting* or a *House*,  
As *Monkeys* will when broken loose ;  
And not thro' Malice, but for Pleasure,  
Do such unlucky *Tricks* as these are ;  
Yet the *Dev'l's* Children oft, 'tis fear'd,  
Steal in among the *Harmless Herd* ;  
And lead the thoughtless *Tools* sometimes,  
To perpetrate most scurvy *Crimes* ;

Such

Such that are shameful and unfitting,  
For a true *Mob* of ancient *Britain* ;  
Who in past *Ages* us'd to be,  
The Guard of *English Liberty* ;  
And would not stir against the *Laws*,  
Except 'twas in a *Pious Cause* ;  
Such that our *Holy Brethren* hold,  
And stand by, to be Good and Old,  
Which has so oft involv'd the *Nation*,  
In sad *Domestick Tribulation* ;  
A Cause so *Righteous* and *Transcending*,  
That 'tis well worth the *Saints* defending.

But the stanch *Mob* who heretofore,  
Were us'd to cry down *Popish Pow'r* ;  
Run headlong now beyond their Tedder,  
As if the *Devil* was their *Leader* ;  
So those who in their Godly *Labours*,  
Shew more *Religion* than their Neighbours;  
Ne'er Bicker, Murmur or Repine,  
But with a *Pious* good Design ;

Yet when *Old Sathan* that fly *Wolf*,  
Ascends from his infernal *Gulf* ;  
And does without suspicion creep,  
Among the *Over-righteous Sheep* ;  
He sooths them oft by seeming *Friendships*,  
To Sins that misbecome their *Saintships*.

The *Guards*, each mounted for the *Fray*,  
Like *George* that did the Dragon slay ;  
On *Bobtail Prancer*, fat and plump,  
Dock'd close unto his *Sturdy Rump* ;  
With shining *Whinyard* now advanc'd,  
From *Whitehall*, to the City pranc'd ;  
In search of those who had transgress'd  
The Law, and ought to be suppress'd ;  
For he that does delight to see,  
*The Mob* exert their *Tyranny* ;  
Deserves by way of *Fellowfeeling*,  
To have the *Rabble* sack his Dwelling.

The *Guards* by watchful *Spies* and *Scouts*,  
Being told by this time whereabouts

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The Buisy *Rout* were now employing,  
Their *Hands* in Thieving and Destroying ;  
Suppress'd the *Brutes* in sev'ral places,  
With loaded *Backs* and sweating Faces ;  
And in the *Borders* where they found 'em,  
So guarded the *Avenues* round 'em,  
That when they saw themselves betray'd,  
Some skulk'd, and others scour'd like mad ;  
Some threw their *Burthens* down much frightened,  
And cry'd *Peccavi*, and submitted ;  
Some fled like *Debtors* scar'd by Bailiffs,  
In quest of bie unguarned *Allies* ;  
Whilst others dodg'd among the *Horse*,  
And stood a pritty shifting *Course* ;  
Till a flat stroak upon the Crown,  
Or cut of *Broad-sword* fetch'd 'em down ;  
Some Cowards quite confounded stood,  
And *Mercy*, *Mercy* bawl'd aloud ;  
Whilst others trembling in the Fray,  
Beneath the Horses Bellies lay ;  
Like the Poor *Dragon* that we Paint,  
Born down by th' *Capadocian* Saint ;

Some

Some Crafty *Zealots* cut and wheadl'd,  
And lying vow'd they never meddl'd ;  
That they were only Lookers on,  
And humbly beg'd they might be gone ;  
Whilst others by their *Sweaty Looks*,  
Driping like bussy *Dog Day Cooks* ;  
And by their Hands with Dirt made filthy,  
Appear'd beyond Objection *Guilty*.

Thus some escap'd and sav'd their Bacon,  
Whilst others in the *Fact* were taken  
In Rowling up *Blackfryar's Hill*,  
A Pulpit tow'rds the *Flaming Pile* ;  
As if the *Sacred Hut* from whence,  
The *Teacher* did such *Truths* dispense,  
Was no more vallu'd by the *Mob*,  
Than if it'ad really been a *Tub* ;  
So Rebels when they've storm'd a *Town*,  
They make *Church Riches* all their own ;  
For when they've Pow'r, they're too invidious,  
To think what's gainful *Sacraligious*,

Others were catch'd with *Heavy Packs*,  
Of *Pews* they'd pillag'd, on their *Backs* ;  
As if they thought to steal and feed  
The *Fire*, a *Meritorious Deed* ;  
So those that doe at *Skittles* play,  
Will take more *Pains* to lose and pay,  
Than at their *Labour* for *Reward*,  
Altho' it is not half so hard ;  
And all the *Reason* they have for't ;  
One they call *Work*, the other *Sport* ;  
Thus the most buisy Knaves they seiz'd,  
And the less *Guilty Fools* dismiss'd ;  
That those who most deserv'd the *Blame* ;  
Might punish'd be with *Publick Shame* ;  
And those unthinking *Slaves* go free,  
Drawn in by meer *Curiosity* ;  
For he that with a *Base Intent*,  
Begins those *Ills* he should prevent ;  
Is far more culpable than he,  
Wh' offends thro' meer *Conformity* ;

Or

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Or *Madman* like, at random sins,  
Without first knowing what he means.

Thus Captain *Tom* and his *Adherents*,  
Were by the *Guards* at one *Appearance*,  
Frighted from farther *Perseverance* ;  
For tho'ſe who did in *Triumph Roar*,  
And act such *Ills* but Just before ;  
Were to their ſafty now inclin'd,  
And fled like *Chaff* before the *Wind* ;  
For tho' the *Rabble* are as fierce,  
Whilſt un-oppos'd as *Wolves* and *Bears* ;  
Yet when a *Lawful Force* draws near,  
It turns their *Brutifl Rage* to *Fear*.

The *Guards* thus having ſoon ſuppreſt,  
This monſtrous many Headed *Beaſt* ;  
And ſcar'd them back to ſtinking *Allies*,  
From whence at firſt they made their *Sallies* ;  
Return'd and left the *Streets* as quiet,  
As if there had been no ſuch *Riot* ;

Whilſt

Whilst those *Justitiary Fools*,  
Old *Headboroughs* and *Constables* ;  
To Neigh'b'ring *Prisons* lead away,  
Th' Offenders taken in the *Fray* ;  
Treating the Tatter'd *Rakes* and *Clowns*,  
With scornful *Pulls*, and *Haughty Frowns* :  
So when succelless *Victims* yield,  
To their proud *Victors* in the Field ;  
Each *Conqueror* looks sternly Brave,  
On his dejected *Captive Slave* ;  
Whose *Courage* vanishes when crost  
By Fortune, and their *Hopes* are lost.

## CANTO VII.

*Captain Tom's Speech to his Dispersing Brethren.*

THE Mob thus scouring in a Hurry,  
 To escape the Guards dissembl'd Fury ;  
 Some tatter'd Fragments chanc'd to meet,  
 As flying in a mighty heat ;  
 That by their Heels they now might shun,  
 The Dangers that attended on  
 Those Impious Deeds their Hands had done ;  
 For they that make a daring push at  
 Such Evils that the Devil would blush at ;  
 Must never on the Cause rely,  
 But from the Sword of Justice fly.

Among

Among the rest thus running Home,  
Was that fam'd Hero, Captain Tom ;  
Who in past *Reigns* in spite to Kings,  
Had done so many wond'rous things ;  
And in perverse Rebelling *Ages*,  
Committed such bold *Sacrileges* ;  
And with undaunted *Hands* effected,  
Strange Works by wiser *Heads* projected.

No sooner were these scatter'd *Troops*  
Of *Mob* (that now were past all hopes,  
Of further Mischief) re-united,  
Who'd been so very lately frighted ;  
But following their *Leader's* Heels,  
Into the midst of *Lincoln Fields* ;  
The sturdy Champion, then aloud,  
Cry'd halt to the *Dishearten'd Croud* ;  
And being gravely fac'd about,  
Made this *Oration* to the Rout,

My Brethren, Countrymen, and Friends,  
We who should scorn ignoble ends ;  
And with our Clubs wherein our trust is,  
Without Reward do Publick Justice ;  
Should Recollect when o'er our Tripple,  
That we are now the Sov'reign People ;  
No Rabble without Grace or Brains,  
Like those that punish'd Former Reigns ;  
No foolish Croud, no Scoundrel Pack,  
To be at e'ery Statesman's Beck ;  
No Owls to hollow up a Fool,  
That is some plotting Parties Tool ;  
Nor yet such Heath'nish Brutes ( G . . . d bless us )  
As some will by our Practice guess us ;  
No, all our Advocates aver,  
We'er now the Original of Pow'r ;  
That is, the People, and have Right,  
When e'er we please, to vent our Spite ;  
And hope the Kingdom will become,  
In time, a glorious Peoplesdom ;

That

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That we once more aloft may mount,  
And none dare call us to account.

But then, my Friends, you'll ask no doubt,  
How I thus came to lead you out,  
Against their *Meetings* who assert,  
Our Pow'r, and always take our Part ;  
In Answer to that *Knotty Quere*,  
I never to your *Hurt* ensnare ye ;  
And as to that amusing *Point*,  
I own there is a *Mist'ry* in't ;  
Which tho' at present, I conceal it,  
For *Reasons*, yet will time reveal it ;  
And plainly show, our only *Ends*,  
Were not to wrong, but serve our Friends ;  
Altho' good *Intentions* had,  
A *Face*, that look'd so very bad ;  
So the *Fair Dame* does oft disgrace,  
With *Ugly Mask* her *Beauteous Face* ;  
That when she's pleas'd to shew what's under,  
Her *Charms* may raise the greater wonder.

Besides

Besides, we find, that even *Watchmen*,  
Who lay so many *Traps* to *Catch Men* ;  
Breaks their own *Lanthorns* in the *Scuffle*,  
To have a fair *Pretence* to *Ruffle* .  
Those Hot-brain'd Persons in the *Squabble*,  
The Croaking Knaves design to *Bubble*.

Nay, some will scratch their very Skins,  
Break their own Heads, or bruise their Shins ;  
Then on their *Adversaries Charge*  
The Crime to make the *Damage* large.

Ah, *Brethren*, Int'rest mix'd with spite,  
Give wrong, sometimes, the *Face* of Right ;  
And free the Guilty from the *Error*,  
Of which the *Innocent's* the Bearer,

However, should our Friends mistake,  
And think we do their *Cause* forsake ;  
To th' Scandal of the *Mob* agree,  
We're guilty of *Inconstancy* ;

Yet granting what they thus suppose,  
And that we really are their *Foes* ;  
Yes still we're fix'd and only run,  
The *Course* that we have ever done ;  
And therefore from their own *Assertions*,  
Shall clear our selves from their *Aspersions*.

For do not all the Scribes declare,  
The *High Church* but a *Faction* are ;  
Who counter run to all those *Rules*,  
Call'd *Revolution Principles* ;  
And then suppose we had been Guided,  
By them, and with their *Int'rest* sided ;  
'Tis plain, we still had done no more,  
Than what we'd ever done before :  
For we at all times have been true,  
To *Faction*, and they must allow,  
By their own *Rules* we are so now.  
In *Case* we really stand affected,  
To th' side of which we are suspected ;  
How then can those of *Conventicle*  
Assert, we're giddy, false and fickle,

Since

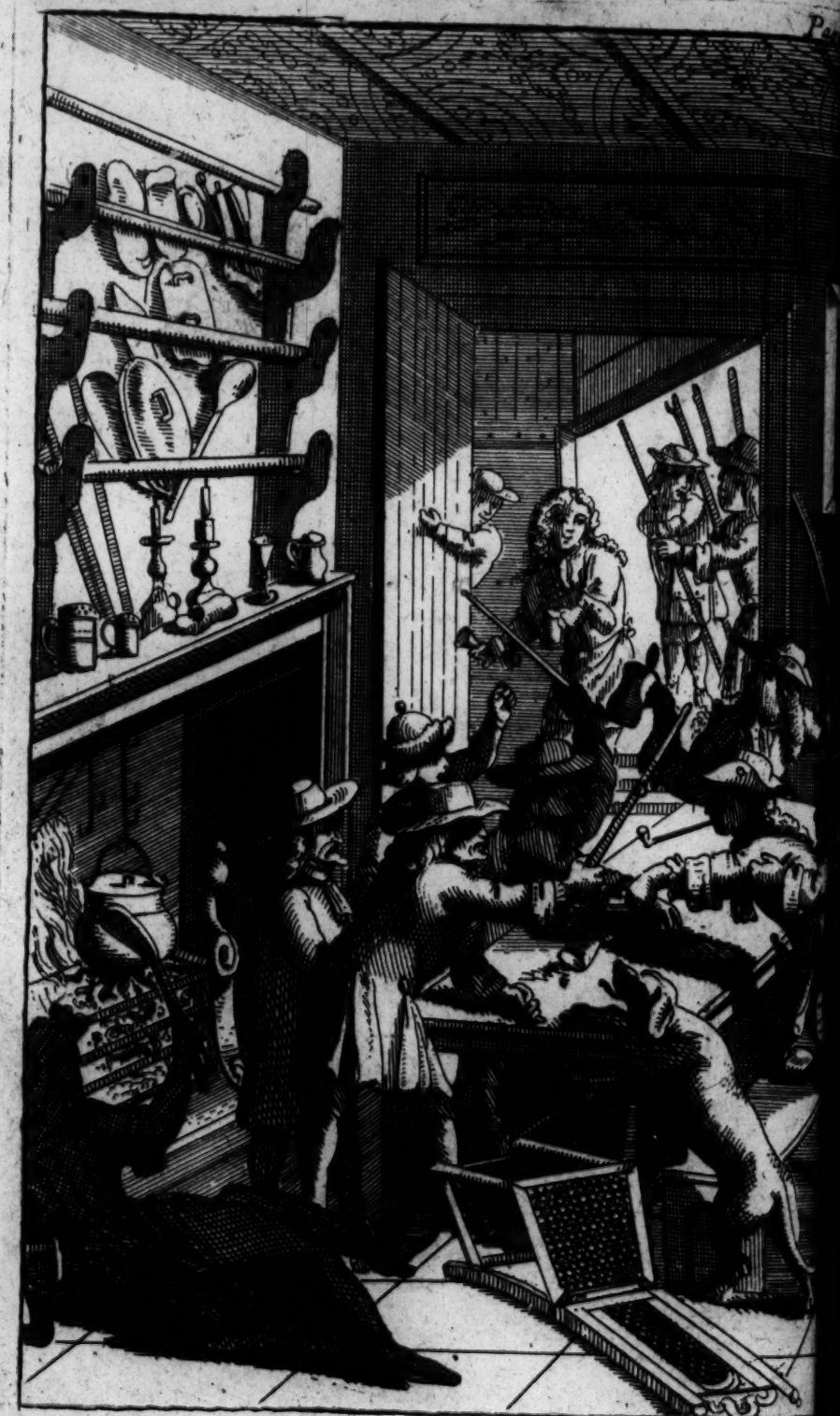
Since we've been ever true, they know,  
To Faction, whether *High* or *Low* ;  
Therefore let them think what they will,  
I say, *My Boys*, we're steady still ;  
To the same Cause they're always hearty,  
Who strive against the *Rising Party*,  
And still, whene'er they're vext and crost,  
Oppose the side that's upermost.

But now, my *Friends*, 'tis time to March,  
The *Guards* are coming on the search ;  
Let's Scour, my *Lads*, to save our *Bacon*,  
For *Woe* be to us if we're taken.

---

The End of the Second Part.





*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
OR, THE  
British HUDIBRASS.

PART III.

CANTO VIII.

The beating up for the Trainbands ;  
the City's Preparation for raising  
the same. The Watch and Ward,  
with their Character and De-  
portment.

**N**OW City Cabuskin roar'd aloud,  
Thro' London Streets; to scare the Crowd ;  
And still the more 'twas beat or plaid  
Upon, the greater Noise it made ;

N

Be..

Before the *Masters* of the *Dub*,  
Surrounded by a *Beardless Mob* ;  
Advanc'd a *Red-fac'd* squabby Fellow,  
As odly shap'd as *Punchionello* ;  
Most nobly crown'd with *Hat* and *Feather*,  
And dress'd in *Buff* or other *Leather* ;  
With *Truncheon* rais'd against his side,  
To shew his *Office* and his *Pride* ;  
And now and then extended further,  
To keep the little *Boys* in order ;  
Behind him came some *Halberdiers*,  
With *Feathers* flapping round their *Ears* ;  
And on their *Shoulders* did they bear,  
Their desp'rate Instruments of War ;  
Kept at the *Killing end* as bright,  
As sturdy Steel of *Errant Knight* ;  
As if they'd been just scour'd with *Whiting*,  
Or dust of Brick, against their *Fighting* ;  
Their Bodies hoop'd with *Sashes* round,  
As tyte as *Hogsheads* Iron bound ;  
That they might hold, in case of *Thirsting*,  
More Drink, without the fear of *Bursting* ;

Each

Each Hero's Stockins, Sash and Feather,  
 All seeming to be dy'd together ;  
 That Men or Boys, who were beholders  
 Of these the Beaters up for Soldiers ;  
 Might know by th' Colour of their Knots,  
 That hung in splendor on their Hats ;  
 Or by the Strings that ty'd their Hair,  
 Of what fierce Regiment they were ;  
 So Whifflers on a Lordmayor's-Day,  
 Who walk before to clear the Way ;  
 Shew by the Ribbons that are hung to  
 The Noddies, who the Fools belong to.

Thus round their proper Bounds they march'd,  
 Like waxwork Figures stiff and starch'd ;  
 That by repeated loud Alarms,  
 Of Drum, the Cits might scour their Arms ;  
 And send their Hireling Heroes to  
 The usual place of Rendezouz ;  
 That such a brave surprizing Train  
 Of Sworded Boys, and armed Men ;  
 Might scare the bold tumultuous swarm,  
 From madly doing farther harm ;

## 88 CANTO VIII.

Or that at least it might induce,  
The Mob who were before so loose ;  
To change their *Shapes* for better *Pay*,  
And now, for half a *Crown* a Day,  
Take *Arms*, and for the present hide  
Themselves among the strongest side ;  
So Joining with the lawful *Force*,  
Wisely suppress themselves of *Course* ;  
For when in *Arms* they shew their *Faces*,  
How should they be in other *Places* ;  
So cunning *Villains* that commit,  
By Night a *Robb'ry* in the street ;  
If once they find they're close persu'd  
They slack their *Speed*, and Join the *Croud* ;  
And running on the self-same way,  
Cry out stop *Theif* as well as they.

No sooner had the *Marshal* Dub,  
Thus giv'n a *Challenge* to the Mob ;  
And call'd each *Trader* to prepare  
His *Arms* for this *Non-fighting War* ;

But  
But

But e'ry willing Hero laid  
His *Business* by, to whet his *Blade*;  
And scour his *Firelock*, and his *Barrel*,  
Upon this unexpected *Quarrel* ;  
That he might come himself or *Hire*  
Some Man as *Brave*, that durst to fire  
A *Musquet* that should do no hurt,  
And never start at the *Report* ;  
But stand in Wet or Windy *Weather*,  
At *Corner Post* an Hour together ;  
And boldly guard it in the *Night*,  
That none should reel or stagger by't ;  
Without first shewing to the *Guard*,  
Good *Reasons* why he drank so hard ;  
And that he was no *Mob* tho' mellow,  
But a good honest *Drunken Fellow* ;  
So tatter'd *Slouch* that guards the *Street*,  
And crys the *Hour* in Wind and Wet ;  
Will know by careful *Inquisition*,  
Who runs for *Midwife* or *Physician* ;

The *Hour* appointed being come,  
The *Heroes* met at beat of Drum;  
And *Coblers*, *Prentices* and *Porters*,  
Forsook with *Joy* their Winter Quarters ;  
Like valliant *Troops* to undergo,  
The Hazard both of *Frost* and *Snow*,  
Besides the danger of the *Foe* ;  
Thus *Lazy Louts* and *Drowsy Fellows*,  
Who love to hug their Downy *Pillows* ;  
Think sitting up a *Night* in Buff,  
Hard Service and sufficient *Proof* ;  
They've as much *Fortitude* to brag on,  
As Champion *George* that slew the *Dragon*,

No sooner were these Men of *War*,  
In valiant Order met to scare,  
The Hairbrain'd *Rabble* from persuing,  
Those startling *Ills* they had been doing ;  
But the *Mob* vanish'd as 'twas thought,  
Thro' fear of being *Kill'd* or *Caught* ;

When

## CANTO VIII.

91

When in reality the *Apes*,  
Had *Protens* like, but chang'd their Shapes,  
For those that were the Tatter'd Slaves  
Before, who with their *Clubs* and *Staves*,  
Knock'd down with so much Spite and Passion,  
The *Synagogues* of *Toleration* ;  
Had now thro' Fear of being taken,  
Like cunning *Knaves* to save their *Bacon* ;  
Transform'd their *Broomstaves* and *Battoons*,  
To *Backswords*, *Bandaliers* and *Guns* ;  
And so from a *Rude Mob* became,  
The fierce *Suppressors* of the same.

So those who for one side declare,  
That they the *Publick Wealth* may share ;  
And such abusive *Frauds* commit,  
That put the *Nation* in a *Heat* ;  
When once they've largely made their *Fortune*,  
By Secret means behind the *Curtain* ;  
They always then espouse that cause,  
And give that *Party* most applause,  
That best can skreen 'em from the *Laws*.

Jack

Jack Presbyter in times of Tore,  
Who pull'd down Church and Sov'reign Pow'r;  
When Restauration did appear,  
Turn'd tail on their own side, thro' fear;  
And then cry'd hey for Cavalier.

To back their Military Guard,  
They added now the Watch and Ward;  
Wherein the Midnight Parish Croakers,  
Old Tiplers and Mundungus Smoakers;  
Swaddl'd in Rags hoop'd round with Leather,  
To keep their tatter'd Frize together;  
With Faces stern as frightful Wizards,  
And Beards that made them look like Wizards.  
Were Join'd with some more young and lusty,  
With Skins like Bacon Fat when rusty;  
Who seem'd to be a part of those,  
Gainst whom they now appear'd as Foes;  
And that they'd still more Inclination,  
To Join the Ribble on occasion;  
Altho' their Brainless Head had chose 'em,  
In case they met 'em to oppose 'em.

So the same Gang that steal a Brace  
Of Bucks from Forrest, Park, or Chase ;  
If they're but unsuspected Neighbours,  
That gain their Livings by their Labours ;  
The Keeper will in friendship call 'em,  
To go in quest of those that stole 'em ;  
Who join him laughing in their Sleeves,  
To think themselves the very Thieves,

Each Parish Watch-house now was lin'd,  
With Crazy Sets, some Lame, some Blind ;  
And lazy Louts more fit to play  
The Rogue, than scare the Rogues away ;  
From whence sometimes they made their Sallies,  
And walk'd their Rounds thro' Streets and Allies ;  
Lead now about i'th' Face oth' Light,  
By the stern Rulers of the Night ;  
Who look'd almost as much like ill Men,  
As Judas and his train of Billmen ;  
When going to betray his Lord  
and Master, for a small Reward ;

Some *Dirty*, others *Drunk* and *Drowsy*,  
Some *Scarecrows* shrugging as if *Lousy* ;  
Some in Fur Caps, in which they lay  
At Night, and wore the same by day ;  
All arm'd with mighty Staves whose strength  
Appear'd in thickness and in length,  
Which as they crept along, the Drones  
Knock'd down so hard upon the Stones,  
As if they us'd their *Clubs* for *Hammers*,  
To serve instead of *Paviers Rammers* ;  
Or that each surly tatter'd *Slave*,  
Meant by the noisy Thumps they gave ;  
To signify themselves to be,  
The Riff Raff of *Authority* ;  
So Tinkers who Repair old *Bellows*,  
And mend our *Pots* and *Sausepans* tell us,  
By thumping loud on Brasen *Kettle*,  
The sturdy *Knaves* are men of *Mettle*.

The City and *Suburban Borders*,  
Thus fill'd with *Soldiers* and with *Warders* ;

# CANTO VIII. 95

Who like stern *Heroes* march'd about,  
In quest of the *Rebellious Rout* ;  
Resolving if they could but meet 'em,  
To take 'em or at last to beat 'em ;  
But all their Searches were in vain,  
The Mob were now *Low-Church* again ;  
And all the *Jesuits* and *Priests*,  
Were safely crept into their *Nests* ;  
That looking out for *High-Church* Plotters,  
And those that were the *Rout's Promoters* ;  
Was now but seeking we may say,  
A *Needle* in a *Truss of Hay* ;  
Tis plain because the silly *Elves*,  
Forgot to look among themselves ;  
For *Watching*, *Warding*, and *Trainbanding*,  
Tho' *Customs* of an ancient standing ;  
Are thought by some but little better,  
Than *Mobing* in another Nature ;  
Therefore whene'er those crafty Sirs,  
That are the *Cities Gouvernours* ;  
Think fit to raiſe their armed force,  
All other *Mobs* must cease of course ;

96 CANTO IX.

For those that *Mob*, like noisy Knaves,  
Against the *Law*, with Clubs and Staves;  
When the Drum beats, will gladly run  
To Mob more safe with Sword and Gun.

---

CANTO IX.

*The Peoples Clamours at the Charge  
of Warding and Trainbanding.*

**F**resh *Clamours* now arose about,  
The *Charge* occasion'd by the *Rout* ;  
Which gave the Mod'rate Saints a *Handle*,  
To Curse the *Priest, Bell, Book and Candle* ;  
Charging the long expensive guarding,  
Their *Double Watching*, and their *Warding*  
On him ; when 'twas their *Moderation*  
That gave the very first Occasion ;  
So *Country Knaves* that Love the *Law*,  
Break their own *Fence* to have a *Claw*,

Against

Against some *Neighbour*, and to pound  
Whate'er they catch within their *Ground*.

The *Constables* now rang'd their *Wards*,  
To collect *Mony* for their *Guards* ;  
And huff'd and strutted at the *Doors*  
Of all their *Poor Parishioners* ;  
Opprest the needy with *Pretences*,  
Of being at such vast *Expences* ;  
That should their *Pay* be still more large,  
It would not half defray the *Charge* ;  
When their own *Pockets* daily shar'd,  
Much more than all their *Drowsy Herd* ;  
The *Poor* they hector'd to *Compliance*,  
Whilst the *Rich* bid the *Knaves Defiance* ;  
And wisely knew the cunning *Cheat*,  
Because themselves had practis'd it ;  
When in their *Parishes* they bore,  
The self-same *Office* heretofore ;  
Thus always those that have the least  
To guard themselves, are most opprest ;

Whilst

## 98 CANTO IX.

Whilst he that's Rich tho' ne'er so base,  
Shall favour find in e'ry Case.

Long Staves were now set up by Scores,  
Without side of their Watch-house Doors ;  
To make all those that chanc'd to view 'em  
Believe they'd Men belonging to 'em ;  
When all the Feeble Parish Guard,  
The careful Constable had hird,  
Were four or five poor crazy Wretches,  
Who scarce could crawl without their Crutches ;  
But wanted Staves to walk about,  
Because they could not go without ;  
Yet Midnight Magistrate to gull his self yet,  
The Parish, make them pay their full,  
As if their Watch and Ward were able,  
To thrash the Jackets of the Rabble ;  
When they're too crazy in a Fray,  
To stand, or yet to run away ;  
But if attack'd by three old Widows,  
Must cry out Mercy to their Lives ;

There,

Therefore how grand a Cheat it is,  
To pay for such a *Guard* as this ;  
Who in a dang'rous time of need,  
Have neither *Courage*, *Strength* or *Speed* ;  
To help themselves or us, in case,  
We want Assistance in *Distress* ;  
I therefore hope with all Submission,  
'Twill not amount to a Digression ;  
If by the way I give a Sketch,  
Of a true Smoak-dry'd *City Watch*.

They commonly consist of *Fellows*,  
At first made *Beggars* by the *Alehouse* ;  
Where day by day they us'd to sot,  
At *All-fours*, *Cribidge* or at *Put* ;  
And Range *Moorfields* sometimes to find,  
A set of *Ninepins* to their Mind ;  
Or run a Mile to spend a day,  
At *Shovel-board*, or such like play ;  
Till by their *Guzling* and *Neglect*  
Of Work, for what they more affect ;

They

## 100 CANTO IX.

They lose their *Business*, and at length  
Their *Credit*, and when old their *Strength* ;  
Then when they're *Crazy*, stiff an *Crippl'd*,  
Quite surfeited with *Belch* they've tippl'd,  
And to the *Parish* must become,  
Thro' *Age* and *Weakness* burthensome ;  
And have thro' carelessness been thrown  
From Houses, once perhaps their own ;  
They're chose by the *Parochial Powers*,  
To be a hopeful Guard to *Ours* ;  
When from their own they run away  
By Night, not minding them by Day ;  
But who would trust a *Bankrupt Knav*e,  
Not worth a *Groat*, with all they have ;  
Or make him *Guardian* of his *Child*,  
Whose own had by himself been spoil'd.

Thus thro' Compassion when decay'd,  
They're Staff and Lanthorn *Champions* made ;  
And now they take themselves to be  
Strange *Scarecrows* of *Authority* ;

Like

## CANTO IX. 101

Like *Bats* and *Owls* they shun the Light,  
And prove most noisy in the *Night* ;  
In *Holes* and *Cocklofts* sleep by day,  
And in the Dark look out for *Prey* ;  
Grow proud and saucy which they learn  
Of *Parish Beadle* stiff and stern ;  
Sworn in a *Constable* to save  
From *Midnight Damps*, some *Wealthy Knaves* !  
Who scorns the *Wooden Chair* of State,  
That keeps the *Bulbeef Magistrate*,  
From his *Wife's* warmer Arms so late.

When thus the Poor Nocturnal Elves,  
Have got a *Leader* like themselves ;  
They triumph then at past *Eleven*  
O'er all that to the *Cup* are given ;  
By saucy Provocations cause,  
Mad drunken *Rakes* to break the *Laws* ;  
And by warm irritating *Words*,  
Excite them to unsheathe their *Swords* ;  
That when they scarce can stand alone,  
Their *Merc'less Slaves* may fetch 'em down ;

Break their own *Lanthorns* to recover  
More Damage when the *Fray* is over ;  
Then haul 'em in like *Dogs* before  
The *Hireling Deputy* in *Pow'r*,  
Who Knits his *Magisterial Brow*,  
And after asking where and how ;  
Knocks his *Staff* hard upon the Floor,  
And sternly crys, *I'll hear no more* ;  
*What draw their Swords* ; go see 'em strait,  
*I charge you*, in at *Counter-Gate* ;  
*And I shall find a way to morrow*,  
*To tame their Courage to their Sorrow* ;  
Thus are they hurry'd over *Night* and *Morn*,  
By th' *Watch*, to *Jayl* by *Candlelight* ;  
And the next Day when brought before  
*Sir Grim*, must pay for many more  
*Rash Oaths and Curses* than they swore ;  
Nay, and make *Good* before they're freed,  
Those Damages they never did ;  
Pay saucy *Watch* and *Corywobble*,  
Full Satisfaction for their *Trouble*,  
And so *Good-morrow Mr. Bubble*.

These are the honest means they use,  
Not to protect but to abuse;  
Nor do they watch but with intent  
To do those Ills they should prevent;  
The Thieves in London seldom Rob  
By Night, or undertake a Job,  
But that they may the better do it,  
They make a Watchman privy to it;  
The Whore that plies at Tavern late,  
And to her Lodging Carr's her Mate;  
Is always with the Watch in fee,  
Within her stroling Liberty;  
That she at Twelve or One may lead,  
Some drunken Cully to her Bed;  
Without the fear of being hurry'd  
To have her sinful Back new curry'd:  
So he that holds a gainful place,  
Where Riches may be got apace;  
Abhides him that is a Check upon him,  
That when he once by Gold has won him,

He then may play the *Knave* securely,  
Deceive and pinch the Publick hourly,  
As many do that look demurely.

## C A N T O X.

*The Disputes and Squabbles of different Parties in a Tavern-Kitchin.*

WHEN thus the *Rabble* were become  
A *Lawful Mob* by Beat of Drum ;  
And many who by *Rains* and *Sweatings*,  
Had gutted and until'd the *Meetings* ;  
Were now employ'd as careful *Warders*  
To hinder and suppress Disorders ;  
'Twas then all sides began to shew  
Their *Teeth*, and their old spite renew ;  
And with invet'rate *Tongues* express,  
Their *Jarring Zeal* and *Engernets* ;  
Each *Tavern-Kitchen* where Old Sots  
Were us'd to nod, o'er *Half-pint Pots* ;

And Amicably chat together,  
About the Wars, or else the Weather ;  
Grew now as noisy to the full,  
As Billingsgate or Hockley-Hole ;  
When Fishwives in a Rage are prating,  
Or when the Bull or Bear are baiting ;  
So Nations which have long been blest  
With Ease, and Downy Peace possest ;  
By sudden Strife, and Tongue Contention,  
Become the Nurs'ries of Dissention,

In a warm Corner near the Rang,  
Sits one, perhaps, just come from Change ;  
Who when he speaks is proud to show,  
If he's of any Church, 'tis Low ;  
No sooner has he drank a Glass,  
But to proclaim himself an Ass ;  
The Rev'rend DOCTOR to be sure,  
Must be revil'd for Half an Hour ;  
And fifty Lies let loose to Blacken  
The Man they had so much Mistaken ;

Hoping

Hoping, in vain, by such *Discourse*,  
To make his *Cause* appear the worse ;  
And thro' his Sides to wound the *Church* ;  
Th' *Apostate Tool* had left ith' *Lurch* ;  
So he who leaves a *Virtuous Wife*,  
To indulge a loose and *Vicious Life*,  
Tho' she be prudent, *Just* and *Holy*,  
Will charge his *Baseness* on her *Folly*.

Perhaps another *Hungry Sinner*,  
Preferring *Bus'ness* to his *Dinner* ;  
Has got before him for *Relief*,  
*A Cutlet*, or a *Steak of Beef*,  
To stay his *Craving Stomach* till  
He marches *Home* t' a better *Meal* ;  
But being highly pleas'd to hear,  
What mighty Crimes were made appear,  
Against the *Man* at whom they *Level'd*.  
Their *Spite*, as if they were *Bedevil'd* ;  
His swelling *Malice* and his *Heat*,  
Scarce gives him time to chew his *Meat* ;

But

## CANTO X. 8107

But some *Opprobrious Word's* between  
Each bit, must ease his rising *Spleen* ;  
Now down one hasty *Mouthful* goes,  
Then up some envious *Lie* he throws ;  
Till betwixt eating fast and *Lying*  
He's *Choak'd* with Food, and *Falsifying* :  
So she wh' against her *Spouse Rebels*,  
And *Scolds* and *Chatters* at her *Meals* ;  
When she's inclin'd to make a *Fraction*,  
Will rather lose the *Satisfaction*  
Of eating peaceably in silence,  
Than *Curb* her *Tongue*, and check her *Viplence*.

A *Third*, perhaps, takes this Occasion  
Offsetting forth what *Veneration*  
He has for that *Learn'd Guide* that writ,  
To shew his *Head*, in spite of *Wit*,  
As weak and crazy as his *Feet* ;  
Crying alas, 'twas wondrous hard,  
Such *Merit* should have no *Reward* ;  
For giving to the *People* more  
Than even God had given before ;

And

## 108 CANTO IX.

And for discov'ring to Mankind,  
Those Truths we in no Scripture find ;  
Affirming Crowns were first bestow'd,  
Not by Good Heav'n, but by the Crowd ;  
That from their Voice all Pow'r descended,  
And on their Whimsies still depended ;  
So crafty Scholars may by force  
Of Logick, prove a Man a Horse ;  
But when they've done, he is no more  
**A Horse or Gelding** than before.

Next these perhaps the surly Spawn  
Of some Rebellious Puritan ;  
Whose Heath'nish Principles unbounded,  
Declare him to be truly Roundhead ;  
Sits growling o'er his Wine alone,  
Like a Curs'd Mastiff o'er a Bone ;  
Expressing e'ry thing he says,  
In true Fanatick Calv's-head Phrase ;  
Railing at Bishops and at Kings,  
As Popish Antichristian Things ;

As if he thought the strength of Reason,  
Consisted in *Notorious Treason* ;  
And that it gave convincing Force,  
To his dull scandalous Discourse ;  
So she that from the Brewhouse brings  
Small Tiff in *Tubs* that hang on *Slinges*,  
Believes the louder still she Scolds,  
The stronger Argument she holds ;  
And that the greater noise she makes,  
The more she to the Purpose Speaks.

Among these Church and Monarch Haters,  
Perhaps a brace of *Moderators*,  
Sit tippling as we oft have seen 'em,  
With little *Buffet-stool* between 'em ;  
These are the *Janus* looking Fools,  
The *Faction* work with as their Tools,  
Who with *Church Discipline Concede*,  
Yet strongly for *Dissenters* plead ;  
And for the sake of *Peace and Union* ;  
Altho' they're of the *Church Communion* ;

PRO CANTO X.

Comply with e'ry thing that shows  
They're Friends to them that are her Foes,  
And prove ill enemies to such,  
As they think love the Church too much ;  
Rail at those Men who venture most,  
To save her when in *Storms* she's toss'd ;  
And on their Shoulders lay the Blame,  
Of others that deserve the shame ;  
Join with the *Saints* in *Tavern Squabbles*,  
To pelt 'em down with *Lies and Fables* ;  
And with impatient *Warmth* decry,  
Their *Virtue* and *Integrity* ;  
Yet can with wondrous *Zel* assert,  
They *Love* the *Church* with all their *Heart* ;  
Tho' they serve *God* but little better,  
Than those that think there's no *Creator* ;  
So *Libertines* we find will swear  
Much *Love* unto the *Spotless Fair* ;  
When all their *Ends* are to deceive 'em,  
First to debauch 'em, then to leave 'em :

So those who stile themselves the Low,  
To Church instead of *Meeting* go,  
Only to bend Her to their Bow.

Among this *Kitchin Crowd of Sinners*,

Who love to be the *Warm Beginners*  
Of such Disputes, from whence arise,

Hard *Words* and *Animosities* ;

Perhaps there sit some Friends that show  
Themselves as high as th' other *Low* ;

Who hating the *Fanatick short-pot*

Are gather'd round the noble *Quart-pot* ;

That they may Drink a *Health* to those

Who love the *Church*, and not her *Foes* ;

And wish *Conversion* unto all,

Who strive in vain to Work her fall ;

Yet shew as great a *Detestation*,

Of *Pope* and *Popish Innovation*,

As any down-look'd Son of *Grace*

That wears his *Conscience* in his Face ;

And fills his Breast where that should be,

With *Malice* and *Hypocrisy* ;

So a close Stool with Cedar Case,  
May for a Nest of Drawers pass ;  
But if you look within you'll find,  
'Tis but with Odious Balsam lin'd ;  
And tho' without set off and painted,  
It is not what it represented.

When thus the Tavern-Kitchen's throng'd,  
With Men so differently tongu'd,  
Some tipling Claret, others Whitewine,  
In both but very little Rightwine :  
No sooner does God Bacchus steal,  
Into their Brains and warm their Zeal,  
But each sets up himself to be  
Down right Infallibility ;  
And talks as if he was at least,  
A Judge, a Statesman, or a Priest ;  
And that he knew much more than they,  
Whom 'twas his Duty to obey ;  
One in the Scriptures would be dabbling ;  
And about saving Grace be squabbling ;

Till he had o'er his *Pipe and Pint*,  
Knock'd all *Religion* out of *Joint* ;  
And turn'd his *Saintlike Moderation*,  
To *Madness, Folly, Spite and Passion* ;  
So she that does her *Vices skreen*,  
With Puritannick Dress and *Mein* ;  
And shews us in her study'd *Face*,  
Dissembled *Modesty and Grace* ;  
Warm her with *Wine* and you'll discover,  
The *Saint* to be a *Whore* all over ;  
For no designing *Knave or Lass*  
Can stand the *Test of Bowl or Glass*.

A second then with spiteful *Mouth*,  
Most gravely tells you for a *Truth* ;  
That the late rising of the *Rout*,  
Does plainly prove, beyond all doubt,  
To be a Wicked *Popish Plot*,  
Contriy'd by a *Rebellious Knot*  
Of *Papists* harb'ring in the Nation,  
To spoil the *Peace* in *Agitation* ;

That

That the *High Church* did also Join  
To carry on the *Grand Design* ;  
And that five *Jesuits* who were known,  
Were seen to lead the *Rabble* on ;  
And to excite 'em to go thro'  
The *Mischief* they had then in view ;  
And that for certain some we'd taken,  
Would tell the *Truth* to save their *Bacon* ;  
Thus *Bastard Mischief* never wants  
A Father here whilst we have *Saints* ;  
Who always swear the *Wicked Brat*,  
Upon the *Party* that they hate.

A Third Man in a mighty *Passion*,  
Forgetting all his *Moderation* ;  
Charges the Rising of the *Mob*,  
Point blank upon the *Holy Robe* ;  
And consequently does not fail,  
To maul the *Doctor* *Tooth* and *Nail* ;  
And with much *Pleasure* Jirks the *Church*,  
As if his *Words* were *Rods of Birch* ;

Yet

Yet all the time that he's so warm,  
Will cry he means the Church no harm;  
So the Base Coward have I heard  
Abuse the very Man he's feard.  
Behind his Back, and yet pretend,  
In the same Breath to be his Friend.

At length the High Church take Offence  
At so much wild Impertinence;  
And with a stern and manly heat,  
Their Low Church Argument defeat;  
Now Pro and Con they Talk and Rattle,  
Till their warm Words presage a Battle;  
Provoking Heaths two are begun  
To spur the growing Contest on;  
And large Confronting Bumpers pass  
To shew their Spite in e'ry Glass;  
Till at length Drunk and Mad between,  
The heat of Wine, and that of Spleen;

R. W. M.  
Their

Their mutual *Rancour* fiercer grows,  
 And then they fall from *Words* to *Blows* ;  
 One with a stout *S...ll Cuff*,  
 Soon gives his *Low Church Foe* enough ;  
 Another *High Church Friend* as proudly,  
 Subdues a *Saint* that cry'd up *H...y* ;  
 Thus those who by reviling first  
 Begot the *Fray*, came off by th' worst ;  
 And stood convinc'd their *Cause* was bad,  
 By the shrewd *Knocks* and *Thumps* they had ;  
 For *Blows* we find sometimes prevail,  
 When other *Arguments* shall fail ;  
 As *Laws* severe, well us'd in *Season*,  
 Convince the stubborn more than *Reason*.



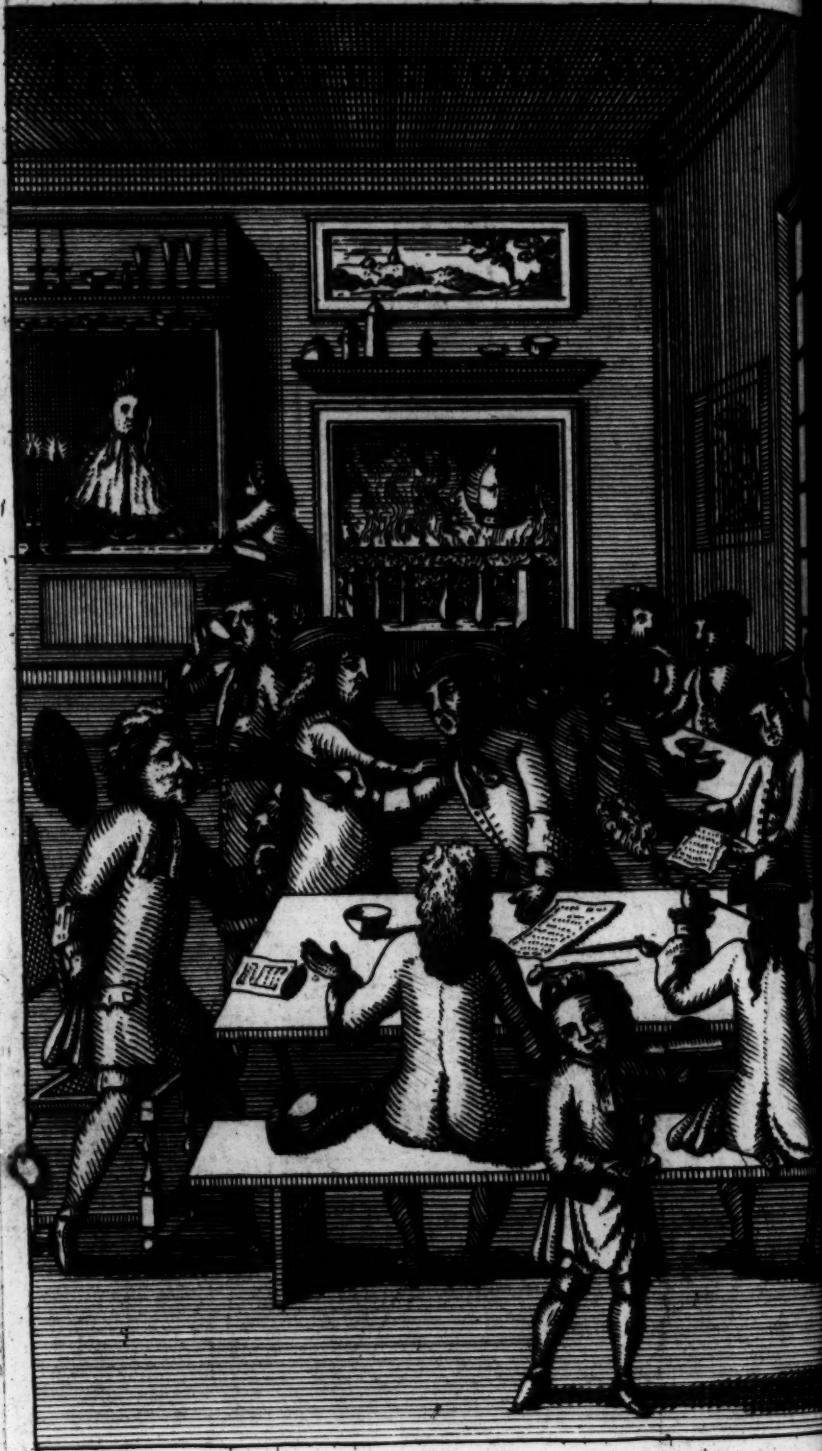
*The Reader is desir'd to dash out the Word Lesser,*  
*in Page 12. Line 1. in the First Part.*  
*It was by mistake that the Motto was put to the second*  
*Part.*

F I N I S:



page 13

IV



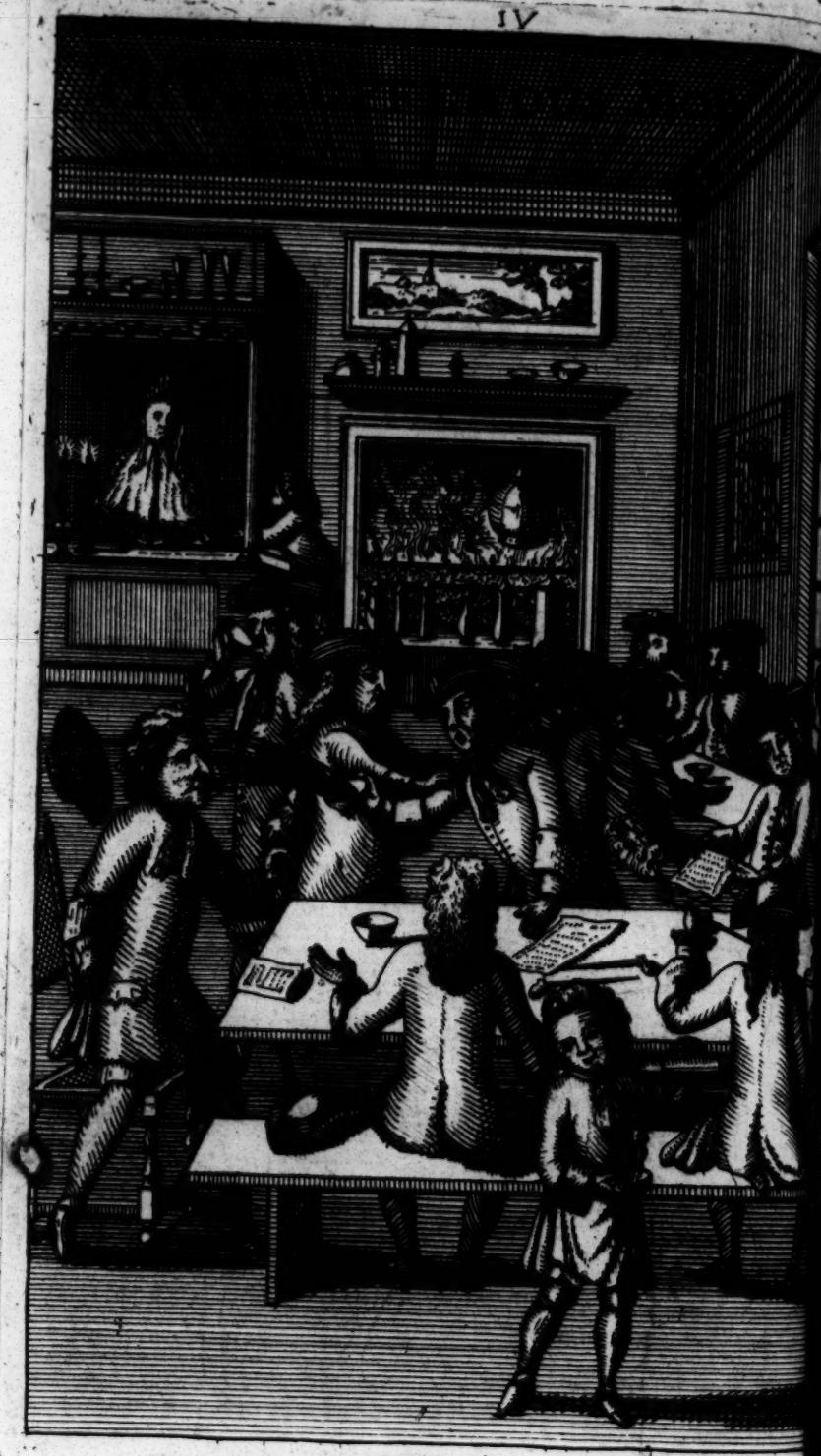
*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
OR, THE  
British HUDIBRASS.

PART IV.

CANTO XI.

of Libels, Authors, and the several  
sorts of Persons who are the  
heightners of our Divisions.

THE Fleetstreet Presses now grow bold,  
And num'rous *Lies in Print* were told;  
One *Libel* gave another chase,  
And *Paper Wars* came on a pace;



IX OCTOBER 1811  
(117)

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R

Hawkers

Hawkers, like *Wild-geese* flew along  
 In *Trains*, and cackl'd to the *Throng* ;  
 Stretch'd wide their *Throats*, and strain'd their *Vitals*,  
 To tempt both *Parties* with their *Titles* ;  
 Adding to all their senseless *Stuff*,  
 S.....l's Name to push it off ;  
 That *Fame* unsully'd might disguise,  
 And give a *Sanction* to their *Lies* ;  
 So he that at a publick *Table*,  
 For *Truth* reports some monstrous *Fable*,  
 Fathers th' incredible *Narration*,  
 On some Great Man of *Reputation* ;  
 That his own wild and senseless *Fiction*,  
 May pass more free from *Contradiction*.

Some wand'ring *Scribblers* for the *Cause*,  
 Skreen'd from the Danger of the *Laws* ;  
 Now took the *Low-Church* *Cudgel* up,  
 To give their *High-Church* *Foes* a *Wrap* ;  
 And brandish'd it Hand over Head,  
 Not caring what they did or said ;



Per.

# CANTO XI.

119

Perhaps "No Drankards or Vain Swearers,  
Yet given to more sinful Errors ;  
Fraud, Malice, Lying, Defamation,  
Revengeful false *Insinuation* ;  
And Crimes to their Eternal *Shame*,  
Too black and scandalous to Name ;  
Thus Villains of the deepest Blot,  
May freely tell us what they're not ;  
But they are only Just that dare,  
To truly shew us what they are.

These arm'd with *Impudence* and *Spite*,  
Began to *Rail*, that is, to *Write* ;  
For no Fanatick *Riming Brother*  
Can well do one without the other ;  
Since Scandal is to *Low-Church Wit*,  
The very same as *Salt* to *Meat* ;  
Therefore no Reader ought to wonder,  
If the *Goose-Sause* should serve the *Gander*.

But now, as I before was saying,  
The spiteful Asses would be braying ;

R 2

And

And e'ry Low-Church Scribe to Mall,  
The Doctor, dip his Pen in Gall;  
That with Ignoble Heat and Passion,  
They might lay hold of this Occasion,  
To spit their Venom and their Hate  
At him, beneath the Frowns of State;  
So the brave Stag that stands at Bay,  
Unwilling to become a Prey;  
When once the stanch old Dogs have thrown him,  
The Puppies then fall in upon him,

The Coffee Tables now were spread,  
With all the worst that could be said;  
And the two Good old Cause Asserters,  
Read most by Coblers and by Porters;  
Were by the Saints kind Intercession,  
Receiv'd again on this Occasion,  
By Houses here and there from whence,  
They had been Kick'd and Spew'd long since;  
Hoping their Talents might prevail,  
At such a time to turn the Scale:

And that their Mutual *Forces* Join'd,  
Harnass'd with *Wit* so much refin'd ;  
And so adorn'd instead of Sense,  
With Trappings of *Falsiloquence*,  
Might draw misjudging *Fools* to be,  
In Love with their *Sincerity* ;  
That they might send a *Hand* to save,  
A Cause that would themselves enslave ;  
Which Pious Work as carry'd on,  
Might soon effectually be done ;  
Would we for *Scripture* read *Reviews*,  
Con *H...y's* Works instead of *News*,  
And Pin our *Faith* in all State Matters,  
On Wise *North Brittish Observators* ;  
But those who once have got a Name,  
For trading with *Fallacious Fame* ;  
When they speak Truth, 'tis thrown away,  
'Cause none will Credit what they say.

However, num'rous *Lies like Weeds*,  
Sprang up from Old *Fanatik Seeds* ;  
And

## 122 CANTO XI.

And tho' they little Rooting had,  
 The thriving Cockle spread like mad ;  
 Audacious Scandals now were thrown,  
 By Atheists, at the Rev'rend Gown,  
 Who basely Labour'd to revile  
 The Priests with Craft the Church with Guile ;  
 And rav'd and rattled in their Heat,  
 As if they really did conceit,  
 Religion but an Ancient Cheat ;  
 So he that is to Vice resign'd,  
 And does no Law Eternal mind ;  
 Would fain believe to mend the Matter,  
 There is no Punishment herea'ter.

Each Coffeehouse where the Saints were wont  
 To read dull News, and Preach upon't ;  
 Was now into a Bedlam turn'd,  
 Where one fide Laugh'd, and t'other Mourn'd ;  
 As if the sober plodding Knaves  
 That look'd disconsolately Grave,  
 Was grown quite Melancholly Mad,  
 To see his Opposites so glad ;

In A.

Who

Who in return were laughing wild,  
 To see the *Saints* so tame and mild ;  
 After they'd been so crowing sure  
 Of winning *All* some Weeks before ;  
 So he that does at *Hazard* play,  
 And stakes his all at best oth' lay ;  
 If *Fortune* treats him with Disdain,  
 And sends the *Chance* before the Main ;  
 The Purblind *Gipsy* he reviles,  
 Scratches his *Ears*, and bites his *Nails* ;  
 Whilst he that Wins with *Pleasure* Smiles.

Some *Saints*, whose mod'rate Zeal extended,  
 Before the *Tryal* quite was ended,  
 To *Hanging*, *Gelding*, so untow'd  
 A Doom, their very *Wives* abhor'd ;  
 Or *Banishment*, the Lord knows whither,  
 And that to be at least for ever ;  
 When all was over were again,  
 Become such soothing mod'rate Men ;  
 That now they tun'd their *Tongues* and *Throats*  
 Another way, and chang'd their *Notes* ;

As

As if the Ventholes of their Passion,  
Were double Cruits on occasion ;  
That as they pleas'd to Frown or Smile,  
Could pour out Vinegar or Oyl ;  
So Esop's Satyr we are told,  
With the same Breath, blew Hot and Colds.

Others as Resolute and fierce,  
As Bull-dogs scorn'd to hang an Arse ;  
And since they'd shewn themselves so violent,  
Would neither Modest prove or Silent ;  
But even rend their Spiteful Jaws,  
To rail at those that try'd the Cause ;  
Because they would not be severer,  
In punishing so great an Error ;  
And shew themselves more rash than they  
That hop'd to make the Church their Prey ;  
And by triumphing o'er the Priest,  
Turn Sacred Truths into a Jest ;  
Because not model'd to the spite,  
Of each Fanatick Hypocrite ;

Who always were too Warm to hear,  
Their Failings with a Patient Ear ;  
So he that knows himself a Knave,  
If call'd so, will in Passion Rave,  
And in his Vindication Cry ;  
Tho' true, 'tis a Nororious ly,  
And to preserve, when vex'd and mad,  
His good Name, which he never had ;  
Will Sue the Man with all his might,  
For only saying what is Right.

Another sort of Men there are,  
Who neither Love or Malice bear  
To any Side ; but dull as Brutes,  
Without Concern hear all disputes :  
And void of thought as Lifeless Clay,  
Sit and say nothing either way,  
Because they nothing have to say ;  
Passive in e'ry thing they seem,  
Their Lives are one Continu'd Dream,  
As if their Parents drunk or sick,  
And Natures forces very weak ;

Had in their Sleep begot 'em a' ter,  
A Droufie dose of *Poppy Water* ;  
And that they'd never truly been  
Awak'd, since first *Conceiv'd in Sin* ;  
These never any diff'rence knew,  
Betwixt the *Christian* or the *Jew*,  
But would be equally *Content*,  
With any *Church* or *Government* ;  
Yet for theif harmleſs Temper pafs,  
With e'ry mild unthinking Afis ;  
For Prudent Men of *Peace* that Hate  
*Contention, Squabble and Debate* ;  
When all their Calm indifference,  
Ascrib'd to *Modesty and Sense*,  
A Man of *Brains* may plainly see,  
Is but profound *Stupidity* ;  
So he that Padlocks up his *Chaps*,  
May pass for a *Wise Man* perhaps,  
Who if Examin'd would be found,  
*An Empty Vessel full of Sound*.

Others there are *Nurss'd up in Craft*,  
Of all that's truly Good *Benefit*,  
Who guess *Religion* but a *Mode*,  
Ordain'd by *Man* and not by *God* ;  
And therefore think that they may *Chuse*,  
Or Change their *Faith* as Men their *Shoes* ;  
And that it is most safe to trust,  
In what so e'er Climbs uppermost ;  
Believing Int'rest is the *Root*,  
Of all Opinions now on *Foot* ;  
And that the *Man* that does but say,  
His *Pray'r*s to her, can never *Stray*,  
Or be a *Sinner* in the *Main*,  
That measures *Godliness* by *gain* ;  
These with the *Stream* in *Confort Glide*,  
And humour each Revolving *Tide* ;  
Appear in Puritanick *Dresses*,  
And Cheat the *World* with *Holy Faces* ;  
The *Saints* in full *Communion* join  
Not thro' *Devotion* but *design* ;

And in their looks and mean display,  
Full as much *Sanctity* as they ;  
Yet darling Int'rest still persue,  
In er'e thing they say or do,  
Ne'er talk with heat to give Offence,  
But Coax all sides to gain the *Pence* ;  
That should some unexpected *Blow*,  
Restore the *High* and crush the *Low* ;  
They might forsake when Int'rest calls,  
Their Modish meeting for St. *Pauls*,  
Yet by their timely knocking under,  
Give us no mighty Cause of Wonder ;  
So the Sharp *Blade* that falls in *League*,  
With a Rich *Lady* of Intrigue ;  
And only does pretend to Love her,  
To make the most he can do of her,  
Ne'er binds himself with *Oaths* and *Vows*,  
So close but that he may Espouse,  
The Woman that he likes much better,  
Whose Fortune or whose *Charms* are greater.

Next to this wav'ring wick'd Race,  
In no Part *Christian* but in *Face*,  
Who taſt *Religion* like False *Zealots*,  
With Vitious *Atheiftick Pallars* ;  
There are a ſworded *Whigifh Train*,  
That hold all *Vertue* in disdain ;  
Hector like *Ruffins Swear* and *Rattle*,  
And damn the *High-Church* o'er the *Bottle*,  
Whore on like *Bullies*, drink like *Dragons*,  
Call themſelves *Whigs*, but talk like *Pagans* ;  
Toaſt Healths to this and that great Lord,  
And cause he's *High-Church* damn the Third ;  
By Raving turn the House or Room,  
T'a *Bedlam* where ſo e'er they come ;  
In *Tavern* Kitchens roar and Bellow,  
And Spit their *Poyſon* when they're Mellow ;  
Fright Modeſt Men with bluſtring Words,  
And awe the Tim'rous with their Swords ;  
Pick Shameful *Quarrells* o're the Quart,  
With thoſe that do their Nonsense Thwart ;

Make Sport with all that's good and *Holy*,  
And bear down truth with Noisy Folly ;  
Worry o're *Wine* Superior Sense,  
With Partial Heat and Impudence,  
And broach a Thousand Bugbear lies,  
That greater Fools may think 'em Wise ;  
At Random talk what would have been,  
High *Treason* in another Reign :  
And he that hears and won't Submit  
Must be at least a *Jacobite*.  
And all because he can't Comply,  
To pin his *Faith* upon a ly ;  
These for the *Low-Church* too declare,  
All tho' they to no *Church* repair ;  
Or do they ever take their fitting,  
In any but a *Tavern* meeting :  
Yet *Tooth* and *Nail* they will defend,  
That *Church* to which they do pretend ;  
Tho' 'tis believ'd they ne'er could say,  
Their *Creed* or know they how to pray ;  
Except Witch like the Backward way :

So worthless Mungrils that are bred,  
 Among the Hounds and with them Fed ;  
 All tho' the Puppies have no Noses,  
 They'l with them Hunt thro' Woods and Closes ;  
 Persue the Game the self same way,  
 And spend and Yelp as well as they.

But still there are a far worse Sort,  
 Of *Whigs* who do the *Church* more hurt  
 Than these ; and by their restless Tongues,  
 And busy Pens do greater wrongs,  
 To true *Religion* than the Rest,  
 Because of Keener Parts possest,  
 These with a double meaning Write,  
 To shew their Wit and next their *Spite*  
 That betwixt Tickling and their Teasing,  
 Their Malice may be render'd Pleasing ;  
 And that the Calumny and *Satyr*,  
 With which they do the *Church* bespatter ;  
 May stick the Closer, Wound the deeper,  
 And in a low Condition keep her ;

The Cheif of these whose Books of late,  
Were Justly Censur'd by the State ;  
Enrag'd by the provoking *Flame*,  
The *Hangman* Kindled for the same,  
Has since by new Invectives Shown  
How much he Values *Church* or *Throne* ;  
In laying at the Roots of both,  
The *Ax* of Malice and untruth,  
That by Perverting Solid Sense ;  
With artfull querks and Impudence,  
And by opposing Real Fact,  
With Study'd lies together Pack'd ;  
He might Insinuate to the Nation,  
The *Church* in *Law* has no Foundation,  
And that Exemption's Tolleration.  
So Strenously infer from thence  
To Couzen Fools and please the *Saints* ;  
That they're on such a Legal Footing,  
As gives their Worship, better Rooting ;  
Than the Establish'd *Church* Divine,  
That's Built upon the *Thirty Nine* ;

## CANTO XI.

133

The Stuborn Turk or faith less Jew ;  
May say their own Opinion's True,  
And Scribble, Wrangle, Lie, and Bluster,  
To make the Alcoran pass Muster ;  
Or use a Crafty Strenuous Plea,  
In Right of Infidelity :  
But shall we to our wick'd Shame,  
For sake our Faith to Humour them  
Give up Christianity to please,  
Such Heathenish Miscreants as these ;  
No, to the Church let's stick the closer,  
When such bold Enemies oppose her :  
And never heed what 'tis they Write,  
Or say against her in their Spite ;  
Nay, tho' some Pharisees that join her,  
To only Rob and undermine her ;  
Who praise her Worship but in Part,  
And hug her but with half a Heart ;  
Should Scruples raise and be offended,  
At this or that to have it mended ;

T

We

We should distinguish 'em the same  
With those, who at her Ruin aim :  
And look on each *Fanatick Civil*,  
To be some base infectious evil ;  
Rais'd by her greatest *Foe the Devil*.  
*Church Enemies* are ne'er at rest,  
And when they Solemnly protest,  
They mean, alas, no Harm unto her,  
Most Mischief they're about to do her ;  
Like *Subtile Jests* they play their Parts,  
And *Skreen* their *Ills* by private *Arts* ;  
Seem most devout when 'tis to hide,  
Their *Plots* their *Malice* and their *Pride* ;  
And when they have most hurt design'd :  
Give out a quite *Contrary Blind*,  
Adress the *Prince* they would betray,  
And Fawn the most to clear the Way ;  
That by pretence of being *Friends*,  
They may the better gain their *Ends* ;  
Cry out for *Liberty* aloud ;  
To gull the poor unthinking *Croud*,

When 'tis their hidden base intent,  
T'enslave 'em by their own **Content**,  
Disguise all *Ills* in agitation  
Against the *Church*, with *Reformation* ;  
And always seem the most devout,  
When they've the worst designs on *Foot* ;  
Just so the Subtile *Crocadile*,  
That lurks upon the *Banks of Nile* ;  
Does by dissembl'd *Tears* betray,  
Poor harmless *Creatures* in his way ; }  
And weeping takes his Heedless prey.  
Who then would such a *Brood* believe,  
That *Fawn* and *Whine* when they deceive ;  
And charge on others those designes,  
Themselves drive on in hidden *Mines*.

The *Church-men* tho' sincerely true,  
To God their *Queen* and *Country* too ;  
Because they wont *Submit* to be,  
Enslav'd by *Faction* *Tyranny* ;  
Must be call'd *Perkenites* and *Traytors*,  
And made most wick'd *Odious Creatures* ;

Be Charg'd with *Plots* against the *State*,  
And all those *Ills* they truly hate;  
Be stil'd rank *Papists* by their *Scriblers*,  
And bear the dirt of all their *Libelers*;  
Tho' they're fix'd *Enemies to Pop'ry*,  
As well as to *Fanatick Pop'ry*;  
And are the *Nations* only Friends,  
That have prevented both their *Ends*;  
And stop'd we hope by *Countermiming*,  
**The Mischeifs both have been designing.**

But in return of all their heat,  
And flagrant *Malice* they have Spit;  
Should the same *Church* the *Truth* disclose,  
And tell their undermining *Foes*;  
What Wise Men think, they'd rave and *Huff*;  
And Swear 'twas only *Popish Stuff*,  
That notwithstanding all their thin,  
Pretences which they use to *Skreen*;  
Their dark *Intrigues* that 'tis too plain,  
The Game of old's begun again;

And

And that they shew themselves to be,  
Rank Enemies to *Monarchy* ;  
*Republicans* who aim by stealth,  
To change us to a *Common Wealth* ;  
That when the *Nations* thus betray'd,  
Their own dull *Teachers* may invade  
The *Church*, and in her *Pulpits Preach*  
Such *Tenets* up that sute therewith,  
Whilst leading *Knaves*, as once before,  
By Craft *Usurp* the Regal Power,  
Kill, *Hang*, *Sequester* and Oppress,  
To glut their *Pride* and *Avarice*,  
This is their aim and their perfuit ;  
Altho' they want the *Pow'r* to do't,  
But should we still Sleep on in *Silence*,  
They plainly shew us by their *Violence*,  
That they'l be *Vigilant* to gain,  
Those ends they're lab'ring to obtain ;  
We therefore equal care should take,  
To *Baffle* the Efforts they make ;

And

138 CANTO XI.

And not thro' too much Confidence  
In them, neglect our own defence;  
For Slothful Negligence, we see,  
Th' effect of Vain Security,  
Oft makes the stranger Fortune's sport,  
And gives the Weaker Pow'r to hurt;  
What People then when once allarm'd,  
Would quit their Sheilds and Sleep unarm'd.

CANTO XII.

Of Mens Deportment in the Coffee-  
Houses, of the Mine-Adventure,  
The Africcan-Company, of those  
who desire War, and others Peace,  
with a Prayer for the Queen and  
Church.

**N**O w Warm debates were carry'd on,  
In e'ry Coffee-House Pro and Con;

Where

## CANTO XI.

139

Where *Whigs* of e'ry fort and size,  
Began aloud to *Tyrannize* ;  
Some *Grave old Cits* Nurs'd up in *Trade*,  
Betwixt the *Church* and *Meeting* bred ;  
*Amphibeous Christians* who can run  
To either, but be true to none ;  
Whose *Dealings* long have prov'd too plain,  
They scarce know any *God* but *Gain* ;  
That *Gold*'s the *Standard* of their *Faith* ;  
And Int'rest their *Celestial Path* ;  
Yet these will o'er their *Jewish Liquor*,  
About *Religion* Jar and *Bicker* ;  
And rave till grown as *Piping Hot*,  
As the dull *Grout* o'er which they sot,  
But still they take all *Modish Care*  
To tell what Sorts of *Saints* they are ;  
And by their *Loud Revilings*. *Shan'*,  
They're true *Blew Protestants*, but *Lex* ;  
Affirm they Love with all their *Souls*,  
The *Church*, but yet like *Knaves* or *Fools* ;  
Reproach all *Goodmen* that defend her,  
And fain would make her bad to mend her ;

Thus

Thus those who've neither *Will* or *Grace*,  
To mend themselves but still are *Base* ;  
We see cannot forbear pretending,  
To reform that which needs no mending :  
Tho' they're attended with the *Curse*,  
Of allwayes making better *Worse* ;

One by the *Mine adventure Bit* ;  
Will o'er their *Coffee Railing* sit ;  
Against the canting cunning *Knight* ;  
Who tho' a *Rank old Jacobite* ;  
Found out a lucky way to shew 'em,  
In their own *Art* he could out do 'em ;  
And unsuspected *Pitkinise* ;  
The *Crafty Saints Fanatick-wise* ;  
Altho' they knew no *Mortal fitter*,  
Than Good Sir *Mac to Bite the Biter* :  
But sure those *Saints* had quite forgot,  
Themselves who were so wondrous hot ;  
To trust their *Money* in the *Pow'r*,  
Of one who'd flown so high before,

and T'

And

And oft Oppos'd in Books and Speeches,  
Their fly Intrigues and Cunning Fetches ;  
But 'tis no Wonder since we find,  
That Int'rest often makes Men blind ;  
And Tempts 'em by a Golden Bait,  
To trust and Flatter those they Hate ;

Others with Equal Warmth Arraign,  
The Company call'd Africán,  
And with the World ill Temper'd grow ;  
To See their Stock so very low,  
Charge on the Managers the Blame ;  
Sip, Frown, and as they Smoak Exclaim,  
Because they find the Junto Blest  
With Wit enough to Fool the Rest,  
Thus among those that turn the Penny,  
One Thrives upon the Loss of many,  
And some Mens Folly 'tis that makes,  
Others prove Knaves that hold the Stakes.'

Some who are in Accounts Exact,  
Demonstrate plainly that the Act,

U

which

Which was of Late so timely made,  
To Regulate the Size of *Bread* ;  
Has left it still i' th' *Bakers Pow'r*,  
To *Cheat* their *Customers* much more,  
Then e'er they us'd to do before ; }  
Which shews how hard 'tis to Restraine,  
The *Knavish Practice* of such Men ;  
Who will in *Spite* of *Law* persue it,  
Because theyv'e been Accustom'd to it ;  
So the *Sly Lass* that has been *Beded*,  
Before She's to her *Lover Wedded* ;  
Will alwayes after ready be  
T' Improve an opportunity.

Some full of *News* Collected from,  
The *Prints Abroad* and lies at *Home* ;  
Sit *Gravely* setting forth the whole,  
That's said and done 'twixt *Pole* and *Pole* ;  
Tell you the very *Day* and *Hour*,  
When we shall all our *Foes* o'erpow'r  
What lucky *Steps* we wisely take,  
And e'ry *Progress* that we make ;

When

When we shall give the *French* a Shock,  
And at the *Gates of Paris Knock* ;  
What *Wonders* will at last befall,  
And be the great *Event* of all ;  
Thus some in *Earnest* some in *Fest*,  
With *Groundless Whims Amuse* the rest ;  
And what the *Busy Knaves Invent*,  
The *Foolish* take upon *Content*.

Others come *Puffing* in to tell  
The *Tidings* of the last *New Mail* ;  
That *Peace* is fresh again on *Foot*,  
And all *Sides* are *Inclining To't* ;  
That *France* is forward to *Comply*,  
And does no *Terms* we ask *deny* ;  
This vexes some who long have made  
Advantage of a *Secret Trade* ;  
And Startles others who are for  
No *Peace*, because they gain by *War* ;  
But highly pleases all the Rest,  
Who truly wish the *Nation Blest* ;

And that Britanina's aweful *Queen*,  
Who has in *War* so prosp'rous been ;  
May long enjoy in *Downy Peace*,  
*A sweet and unmolested Ease* ;  
And those *Calm Blessings* that arise,  
From all her *Glorious Victories* ;  
That then or sooner may She see,  
Her *Subjects* from *Contention free* ;  
And all those *Quarrels, Fewds and Heats*,  
That now *Perplex* her *Throne by Fits* ;  
And e'ry *Breach* our *Foes* improve,  
*Unite* in *Friendship* and in *Love* ;  
May both the *Names* of *High* and *Low*,  
To e'ry *Party* *Odious* grow ;  
Till by all *Sides* they're given o'er,  
And ever Cease to be no more ;  
May we from *Anna's* *Vertues Learn*,  
That good we no where else Discern ;  
And *Labour* to return the *Throne*,  
Those *Blessings* She has made our own ;

May those who would invade or *Lover*,  
The Lawful Rights of *Sov'reign Pow'r* ;  
And Struggle by designes *Nefarious*,  
To make the *Royal-Throne*, *Precarious* ;  
Whether they're *Jacobites* or *Whigs*,  
Be made as *Black* as their *Intrigues* ;  
Render'd unquailifi'd to be,  
Entrusted with *Authority* ;  
And by the *Reins* of Human *Law*  
Be alwayes *Curb'd* and kept in *Ave*.

May all good Men who ever lov'd  
Their *Queen* and *Country* stand unmov'd ;  
And alwayes truly be agreed  
To defend both in time of need,  
Against all ill designes began  
By *Papist* or *Republican* ;  
That no *Attempt* 'gainst *Church* or *State*,  
May ever be oppos'd too late ;  
But in its Early *Progress* meet,  
A timely and Intire *Defeat* ;

That

## 146 CANTO XII.

That *Pride* and *Avarice* may see,  
In *Spite* of Man God still will be ;  
Th' all Powerful *Guardian* of the *Throne*,  
He only makes the *Monarch's* own.

Since Bountious *Heav'n*, we must agree,  
Knows no Impossibility ;  
Within this *Realm* may all Mankind,  
In Rules of *Faith* be of one *Mind* ;  
That none may need within this *Nation*,  
The Tender grant of *Tolleration* ;  
Nor any grumbling *Party* *Vex*,  
The *Throne*, or human *Peace* *Perplex* ;  
No Vile *Sedicious Seeds* be sown,  
No Name but *Brother Christian* known ;  
But all beneath Bright *Anna* prove  
As happy to us as her *Love*,  
And we to shew how much we are,  
Indebted to her *Nursing Care*,  
Do all thar in a *People* lies,  
To make her *Throne* a *Paradise*.

May the *True Church* her safety owe,  
To God above, the *Queen* below;  
And Flourish in *Eternal Peace*,  
In Spite of all her *Enemies* ;  
Subdue by *Preaching* and by *Pray'r*,  
All those who with her *Doctrines* jar ;  
Use no *Severity* to those,  
Who bred awry, her *Rites* oppose ;  
Nor may she ever find the same,  
From such who Spite her to their shame ;  
Or Bow her Everlasting *Head*,  
To those by *Crafty Guides* misled ;  
But still preserve from *Errorr Free*,  
Her *Apostolick Purity* ;  
That the *True Christian Church*, no other,  
Beneath the *Queen* her *Nursing Mother* ;  
May Flourish to the last degree,  
And stand up with *Eternity*.

THE

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THE FINIS.





*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
OR, THE  
**British Hudibrass.**

PART V.

CANTO XIII.

*The Kingdom alarm'd. The Practices of the Whigs. The D---M---l hinted. The Addressees touch'd upon : With some seasonable Reflections on the Factious Party.*

**T**HE Nation much surpriz'd to find,  
The *Saints* so Bold, and yet so Blind;  
And that the People call'd the Godly,  
Should manage their Intrigues so odly;

Began to guess from *Matters* past,  
How *Things* were like to prove at last;  
Unless the Threat'ning *Mischiefs* were  
Prevented by some timely care;  
So wise Astrologers that know  
By *Stars*, that do our Fate foreshow,  
How great *Affairs* are mov'd below;  
By timely Caution should fore-arm us,  
Against those *Ills* they think will harm us.

The *Church-men*, now, began to ponder,  
On Mist'ries that had rais'd their wonder;  
And to examine what the *Whigs*  
Intended, by their dark *Intrigues*;  
And what their plotting *Heads* could mean,  
By op'ning such a frightful *Scene*,  
That even scar'd the very *Rabble*,  
And turn'd the Town into a *Babel*;  
Nay, puzzl'd wiser Heads to guess,  
The true intent of their *Excess*;  
When they'd so long amus'd the *Nation*,  
With canting *Cries of Moderation*;

As if the *Church* was bound in Honour,  
To silent sit till they'd undone her ;  
And that it was an open breach  
Of Peace and Unity to teach  
That very *Doctrine* which the Mouth  
Of *Heav'n* has warranted for Truth ;  
Only because it disagrees  
With their Nefarious Practices ;  
And thwarts that old but cursed Cause ;  
That strikes at *God's Eternal Laws* ;  
As if their *Aim* was to dethrone  
All *Pow'r*, to make the World their own ;  
And like the Impious *Gyants*, fight  
With *Heav'n* it self to shew their Spight ;  
Or that at least they meant to be,  
The bane of *Church* and *Monarchy* ;  
And had determin'd if they cou'd,  
To drown them in a *Sea* of Blood ;  
And by an universal fray,  
Make all but one *Aceldema* ;  
So Mad-men may affirm they're Kings,  
And dream and talk of Mighty things ;

Fancy they have a Right by Birth,  
To all the Regions of the Earth ;  
But when the Wretches once begin,  
To shake their Fists, and rave and grin,  
'Tis time they should be chain'd or ty'd,  
To curb their silly *Frantick Pride*.

When a strange frenzy full as bad  
As this, had made the *Whigs* run mad,  
And Zeal, Ill-nature, and Ambition,  
Had fill'd the Nation with Sedition ;  
That those, who had implor'd of late  
The kind Indulgence of the *State* ;  
For e'ry *Saint* with tender *Conscience*,  
To Pray according to his own *Sense* ;  
Were now for giving Laws to those,  
Who'd hurt their own for their *Repose* ;  
And sacrific'd their Ease and Safty,  
To raise a thankless *Tribe* too lofty ;  
Who now according to the black  
Returns, *Fanaticks* us'd to make,

## CANTO XIII. 153

Were for subverting those that gave 'em,  
The Pow'r to injure and enslave 'em ;  
And grew too stately to endure  
Those *Laws* that made the *Church* secure ;  
And too superb to yield or own,  
A just Obedience to the *Throne* ;  
But at the *Root* of both were striking,  
To bring them lower to their liking ;  
So the proud *Hogen State* we see,  
That once complain'd of Poverty ;  
Were by one *Gracious Queen* reliev'd,  
When much opprest, distrest, and griev'd ;  
But now when High and Mighty grown,  
To the next *Q---* their Thanks are shown ;  
In *D-----s f-----al -----y rude*,  
By way of *Fl----isb Gratitude* ;  
Or else the *Whigs* have forg'd a *Sham*,  
In Hopes to mend their *Losing Game* ;  
And make themselves notorious *Lyars*,  
To amuse the *People* call'd *High-Flyars*.

When

When Royal Favour thus had warm'd  
Some Snakes with pointed *Venom* arm'd ;  
That they began to hiss and bite,  
And spit their *Poison* and their Spite ;  
At all Men that they found devising,  
Just Ways to stop their Tyrannizing ;  
And had in publick manner try'd,  
Those *Doctrines* which themselves deny'd ;  
And taught us to despise the *Bible*  
By *B.... G....* for a Libel ;  
The *Nation* then began to see,  
Their Justice and Sincerity ;  
And what a strange new *Reformation*,  
The *Saints* were bringing into *Fashion* ;  
What *Pains* they took, what *Zeal* they shew'd,  
To please their own ill-natur'd Brood ;  
What good old *Arguments* they brought  
Long since by *Pryn* and *Peters* taught ;  
Those worthy *Martyrs* for the Cause,  
One learn'd in *Gospel*, 'tother Laws ;

Both mighty *Favourites* of the *Rout*,  
And *Sainted* now, we need not doubt ;  
To make their Arguments pass Muster,  
When e'er the *Whigs* are pleas'd to bluster ;  
Yet tho' they're honour'd at this Day,  
For their Good Deeds, we cannot say ;  
They have not left behind their Fellows,  
To grace the *Pill'ry* or the *Gallows* ;  
Because we've many now in play,  
As meritorious full as they.

Now *Whig* and *Saint*, to make us love 'em,  
Ran on as if the *Devil* drove 'em ;  
And spur'd the *Cause* with so much Violence,  
That the most *Patient* broke their Silence ;  
Much nettl'd and provok'd to find,  
That all was going down the Wind ;  
For that the *Whigs* did now Conceit,  
Their Harvest for the *Sickle* fit ;  
And thought 'twas time that they had mown,  
What *Old Achitophel* had sown ;

No sooner were the *Tribe* prepar'd,  
 But all began to labour hard ;  
 Endeav'ring as they always wou'd,  
 To Cheat the *Parson* if they cou'd ;  
 That Tyth and Truth might cease together,  
 And Souls be lead the *Lord* knows whither.

This put the *Nation* in a Flame,  
 When *Good Men* saw their wicked aim ;  
 And forc'd the *Church* upon addressing  
 Our only *Safety* and our *Blessing* ;  
 Some were so impious to *Prophane*,  
 That Sacred Word *Republican* ;  
 As if those Saints of *Common Wealth* !  
 Such pious *Zealots* would by stealth,  
 Prove dang'rous to the *Kingdom's Health* ;  
 Or that *Republicans* could be,  
 Such Enemies to *Monarchy* ;  
 As to Subvert or Circumvent,  
 So Just and Blest a *Government* ;  
 O Fy ! It never can be thought,  
 The Supposition's weak and naught ;

Smells rank of Pop'ry only fit,  
To please each grumbling Jacobite.

Who ever knew the sober whining  
Fanatick's giv'n to undermining ;  
Or that they ever strove to Tower,  
Above the Church, or Sov'reign Power ;  
By any boist'rous Deviation,  
From the strict Rules of Moderation.

Who but High-Flyers can suppose,  
The Whigs to be the Church's Foes ;  
Or that such Loyal Sons would strive  
To Pare the Crown's Prerogative ?  
Who are for fixing both upon  
Perpetual Revolution ;  
That they themselves the Land may bubble,  
And rule, to save the Prince the trouble.

Who, tho' they hear the Saints extol,  
The glorious Reign of Pious Nol ;

Y

And

## 158 CANTO XIII.

And bless the *Rump* for pulling down  
The Sacred *Head* that rul'd the *Throne*,  
Can be such dull *High-flying Slaves*,  
Such *Jacobites*, such *Fools or Knaves* ;  
To think so mild a *Trib'e* should aim  
To bring about the very same ?  
No, no, it ne'er can be suspected,  
Unless by *Persons* disaffected,  
Such *Popish Traitors* that would bring,  
The *Mob* to be below the King ;  
And by their dang'rous *Plots* betray  
The *Sov'reign People* to obey ;  
And force those *Mighty Lords* to shew  
Allegience where it's justly due ;  
But who that loves his *Native Land*,  
Will allow *Monarchs* to Command,  
When *Whigs* have got the upper hand ?

CANTO

## CANTO XIV.

*The Loyalty of the Church ; the import of their Addresses ; the Impatience of the Whigs ; and Modesty of the Review.*

A ddresses now flow'd in apace,  
 To th' best of Q...s from e'ry place;  
 That *Royal Pow'r* might timely see,  
 Which side maintain'd *True Loyalty* ;  
 And who most likely to assert  
 The *Throne*, that bears an *English Heart* ;  
 That they who never fear to own  
 Their lawful *Duty* to the *Crown* ;  
 Might be distinguish'd from those few,  
 Whose Works their *Disobedience* shew ;  
 And always Murmur and Complain  
 The most, when the best *Princes Reign* ;

So Bullies shew their *Impudence*,  
To those least apt to take *Offence* ;  
And *Faction* ever thrives the better  
For a good *Kings* forgiving *Nature*.

The *Churchmen*, who can never be  
Unsteady in their *Loyalty* ;  
To those of *Ancient Royal Blood*,  
Who *Reign* and *Govern* as they shou'd ;  
That do to *Heav'n* their *Scepters* owe,  
And not to *Scum* and *Dirt* below ;  
When once they saw the restless *Whig*,  
So bare-fac'd in their vile *Intrigues* ;  
That threaten'd our *Old Constitution*  
With some new *Monstrous Revolution* ;  
They thought 'twas time to shew they meant  
To stand by *English Government* ;  
That is, th' *Establish'd Church* and *Throne*,  
And the blest *Q. . . n* that fits thereon ;  
Against all *Popish Innovators*,  
And base *Republican Translators* ;

## CANTO XIV. 161

Of that blest *Form* we now possess,  
Into a State of *Wretchedness*,  
That no *Reviews* Insinuation,  
Of all *Good Men*, or all the *Nation*,  
Should perswade *Fools* that the *Whole Land*,  
Were at the *Whigish Tribe's* Command,  
Who are, alas, but at the best,  
A worthless handful to the rest ;  
Meer *Upstarts*, who with *Shams* and *Lies*,  
Would stop our *Ears*, and blind our *Eyes* ;  
And broach such Principles that must  
Extirpate all that's *Good* and *Just* ;  
Bring true *Religion* to disgrace,  
That *Atheism* may usurp its place,  
And make the *British Throne* become,  
The tott'ring *Jest* of Christendom ;  
Endanger e'ry *Subject's Right*,  
And turn *Fraternal Love* to *Spite* ;  
That a few *Reprobates* may be,  
The glorious *Head* of *Anarchy* ;

For

For what can follow but *Confusion*,  
If we translate our *Constitution*,  
Into an endless *Revolution*.

These are the *Blessings* they are for,  
And these are what the *Church* abhor;  
These are the Great and Glorious *Ends*,  
Our *Whigs*, the *Nations* only *Friends* ;  
Have *Tooth* and *Nail*, altho' in vain,  
Been wisely lab'ring to obtain ;  
These are their *Drifts*, wherein we see,  
Their Love to *Church* and *Monarchy* ;  
And this is all we must expect,  
By their *Success*, and our *Neglect* ;  
Then who that knows their *Pious Aim*,  
Would stop their present *Blessed Game* ;  
That gives us such enticing *Hopes*,  
Of *Sequestrations*, *Fayls* and *Ropes*,  
Without the help of *Kings* or *Popes*.

The *Churchmen* taking no great *Pleasure*  
In Heav'nly *Prospects*, such as these are;

With all *Humility* Addrest,  
And in the mildest Words exprest  
Their ancient *Duty* to the Throne,  
And *Love* of *Her* that sits thereon.  
Asserting that with all their *Might*,  
They would maintain *Her Royal Right* ;  
Deriv'd as well of long *Descent*,  
As from the *Act of Settlement* ;  
'Gainst *Papists*, and that *Factions Clan*  
Of *Rebels*, call'd *Republican* ;  
And that they ne'er would leave i'th' lurch,  
The *Apostolick Mother Church*,  
Or change her *Doctrines* old and true,  
For any that are false and new ;  
But abhor, drive-out, and disown,  
All *Tenets* against *Church or Crown* ;  
And e'ry *Whigish Innovation*,  
Gilt o'er with Shams of *Reformation*,  
That tend to hurt our *Constitution*,  
By any further *Revolution* ;  
Affirming that they'll always stand,  
By *Church and Queen*, with *Heart and Hand*,

Against

Against all *Deists*, *Atheists*, *Whigs*,  
 And all their *Commonwealth Intrigues* ;  
 Those Wicked *Principles* oppose,  
 Broach'd lately by the *Nations Foes* ;  
 And with their *Lives*, and all that's *Dear*  
 Defend wher any *Danger*'s near,  
 The Queens just *Title* to the *Throne*,  
 'Gainst all *Pretenders* to the *Crown*.

These are the *Sum* my *Muse* professes,  
 Of all the *Honest Church Addresses* ;  
 That give such wondrous *Provocation*,  
 To those that would betray the *Nation*.

Here's *Popish* stuff, says poor *D...F...*,  
 Whose Pen is like his Party, *Low* ;  
 Now *Countrymen*, I hope you see,  
 How the *Church* aims at *Tyranny*,  
 What Pains they take to raise the *Throne*,  
 Above the *Revolution* ;  
 And how they'd bring us to adore,  
 That *Golden Badge* of *Sov'reign Pow'r* ;

The

The *Crown* which they porphanelly say,  
We must bow down to and obey,  
Tho' the *Gilt Baub'le's* only given  
By us the *People*, not by *Heaven*;  
And may be snatch'd away again;  
When we find one more fit to Reign  
But the *High Church*, you see, would have us,  
Worship those *Scepters* that enslave us,  
As *Papists* do their *Lifeless Saints*;  
In Statues, Paintings, and in Prints,  
Set up our *Idols* on the *Throne*,  
And then adore 'em when we've done;  
Tell 'em they have a *Right Divine*,  
And *Deify* their *Royal Line*;  
Advance them to a *Heavenly Distance*,  
And bind our selves, by *Non-Resistance*,  
To be their *Slaves*, and to endure,  
The *Scourges* of *Tyrannick Pow'r*;  
This is the *Scope*, says the *Review*,  
Of what the *Jacobites* persue;  
As e'ry flored *Line* expresses,  
In all their *Perkinite Addresses*.

I Vow a rare interpretation,  
Of Church Obedience and Submission ;  
And of that Loyalty which ought  
To alwaies be maintain'd and Taught ;  
A fine Construction to be made,  
Of that due Veneration paid  
To our good Queen, to whom we owe,  
That Safty we enjoy below ;  
Whose Vertues are by all belov'd,  
And Wisdom makes her Reign approv'd ;  
Which has been blest in Spite of Fars  
Domestick, well as Foreign Wars ;  
Altho' her Lenity has been,  
Too great for such a Pow'rful Queen ;  
And more especially to those,  
By Principle Impatient Foes  
To Monarchy, who ne'er could rest,  
Tho' with the Best of Prince's Blest ;  
But would be gaining still upon 'em,  
Till they'd much wrong'd 'em or undone 'em ;

# C A N T O XIV. 167

So Ivy Suffer'd to Embrace  
The Oak, Climbs up and Thrives apace ;  
And if not Prun'd in time of need,  
Will Choak the Tree, that rais'd the Weed.

What a Strange dull Infatuation  
Must Numb and Stupify the Nation ;  
If Men for justly Setting forth,  
Their Duty and their Sovereign's Worth ;  
The Joy and Comfort they have in  
Th' Establish'd Church and rightful Queen ;  
Affirming by their utmost Troth,  
That they're resolv'd to stand by Both ;  
Against all Popish Plots and Traytors,  
And vile Republick Innovators ;  
Must for such Solemn Vows as these,  
Such timely good Assurances ;  
Be Counted Jacobites by Knaves,  
Who want to make the Land their Slaves ;  
Be mumbld by their Bull-dog Writers,  
Those fiery Barkers tho' no Biters ;

## 168 CANTO XIV.

Who with their Foolish Rage alarm,  
 Poor Zealous Fools to keep 'em Warm,  
 Whilst their own Party do the Harm;  
 So Whigs of old, when they were bent  
 To undermine the Government,  
 They still Amus'd the giddy Town,  
 With Popish Plots to hide their own.

Since to be Loyal to the Throne,  
 And faithful to the Corner-Stone ;  
 Friends to our Ancient Constitution,  
 Against all further Revolution ;  
 True to the Int'rest of the Nation,  
 Without the least Prevarication ;  
 Obedient Peaceful well Content,  
 With the late Act of Settlement ;  
 Is to be what, the Whigs in Spite,  
 Are pleas'd to call a Jacobite ;  
 I wish themselves but half as Just,  
 As those they'd have the Throne Distrust ;  
 And that they had no worse Designs,  
 Carr'd on in their Republick Mines ;

ORW

Again

Against the *Kingdom* than by those,  
Their *Scriblers* call' the *Nation's Foes* ;  
Then might they say we had *Abus'd* 'em,  
And not like *Brother Christians* us'd 'em ;  
But 'tis the old *Fanatick Cunning*,  
When they themselves full tilt are *Running*  
Into a *Common-Wealth*, to *Cry*,  
Beware of *Papist Tyranny* ;  
Just so they Serv'd that *Pious Prince*,  
Whose fall the *Traitors* work'd long since ;  
Blam'd him, when they were basely bent,  
To blow up *Kingly Government* ;  
Because he would not freely lay,  
His *Sceptre* down and so betray  
That *Power*, which they *Snatch'd* away.

CANTO

## C A N T O XV.

The former boastings of the Review  
groundless, the Whiggish Story of  
the D----b threatening the  
Bank of England, the Whigs  
Addresses, and the purport there-  
of.

THE Whigs were now Engag'd to see  
The Church express such Loyalty,  
And give such Solemn Protestations,  
Against their Sly Insinuations ;  
And those ill Principles the Brood,  
Were introducing if they Cou'd ;  
By giving e'ry Heathnish Notion  
The Saanction of the Revolution ;  
As Cunning Knaves by gilding Brass,  
For Gold, make Worthless Mettle Pass ;

But

# CANTO XV. 171

But wiser Heads found out the Cheat,  
And prov'd their Tenets Counterfeir ;  
By rubbing off the outward Case,  
And shewing all within was Base ;  
This blest discov'ry, timely made,  
Thro' all the Kingdom quickly spread ;  
And open'd the deluded Eyes,  
Of Trimming Fools and pleas'd the wise ;  
Frighted the Magazine of Pow'r,  
Which they'd long boasted of before ;  
And tho' for Years their Scribes had Courted,  
Old Legeon yet the Knave deserted ;  
And left their Pious Cause to shew,  
The Rog'ry of their fam'd Review ;

Where are his pow'rful Magazine,  
With which he threatn'd Church and Q----n,  
And frightened poor unthinking Fools,  
T' Espouse their Odious Principles ;  
Where are his Whiggish Legeons fled,  
Those Windy Fantoms in his Head ;

That

That were to worry all *High-Flyers*,  
And pull down Organs, Bells and *Quires* ;  
That Presbyterian Ordination,  
Might Crown our further *Reformation* ;  
And Sacred *Lawn* become the *Joke*,  
Of each *Fanatick Band* and *Cloak*.

Where's all the *People* all *good Men*,  
And his alls o'er and o'er again ;  
That were so fully, well *agreed*,  
The *Church* should with the *Whiggs Concede* ;  
And yield her *Worship* and her *Rites*,  
To *Saints* more mad than *Bedlamites* ;  
Why truly all his mighty *Alls*,  
Which to his *Aid* so oft he *Calls* ;  
His *Low Church Legeons* and his *Mobs*,  
His *London Swarms* and *Country Hobs* ;  
His *Men of Sense* and *Mag- of Pow'r*,  
Prove *High* and so they were before ;  
So bouncing *Knaves* will oft set forth,  
Their *Stock*, their *Credit* and their *Worth* ;

Who if Examin'd will be found  
 So far in *Debt*, so run a *Ground*,  
 They cant' pay *Three-Pence in the Pound*:



The *Whiggs* beginning now to see  
 The *Church* had Strip'd their *Falacy* ;  
 Of all that *Politick* disguise,  
 That *Skreen'd* their *Tricks* from weaker *Eyes* ;  
 Grew very much *Disturb'd* to find  
 Their *Cause* was going down the *Wind* ;  
 That all their *Boasted* *Moderation*  
 Was now too weak to hide their *Paffion* ;  
 And only *Serv'd* to let us know,  
 They cry'd up what they ne'er would *Show* ;  
 And *Recommended*, to *Amuse*  
 The *Kingdom*, what they could not use ;  
 So the *Learn'd* *Aesculapian* *Brothers*,  
 Are forward to *Prescribe* to others ;  
 Those *Doses* which themselves can't take  
 For their own *Health* and *Safty's* *Sake*.

Now *Whiggish* *Lies* about were thrown,  
 To *Amuse* and *terrify* the *Town* ;

A a

And

And all their little vain *Efforts*,  
Were back'd with *Insolent* reports ;  
*Malicious Scandalous Romances*,  
The *Dregs* of their *Invet'rate Fancies* ;  
So groundless that each *Man of Sense*,  
*Blush'd* at their daring *Impudence*.

Some broach'd a *Monstrous Tale* relating,  
To *H----d* and the *Bank of Britain* ;  
And so improv'd the *Whiggish Fable*,  
At *Change* and e'ry *Coffee-House Table* ;  
That some believ'd the *Threatning Story*,  
To th' less'ning of the *Kingdom's Glory* ;  
And fancy'd that we must thro' fear,  
Be *Steer'd* and *Bully'd* by *Minhier* ;  
When all was but a *Wiggish Sham*,  
Contriv'd on this side *Amsterdam* ;  
A poor *Fanatick Low-Church Shift*,  
To give the Sinking *Cause* a lift ;  
Thus Men of restless *Disposition*,  
Spurr'd on by *Envy* and *Sedition* ;

If once they *Aim* at others hurt,  
And fail in their unjust *Effort*,  
Make *Lies* their *Refuge* and *Support*.

But had we been so low *reduc'd*,  
By being Treach'rously *abused* ;  
As really to have been affear'd of,  
Those *Threats* we have so lately heard of ;  
And that our *Rulers* had been *aw'd*,  
By *Saucy Dictates* from *aboard* ;  
Who are the *Traytors*, who the *Tribe*,  
That brought us to so *low* and *Ebb* ?  
And are the same still fit to be  
The props of *Church* and *Monarchy* ?  
Who have by breaking down their *Fences*,  
Expos'd them to such *Insolences* ?  
No sure 'tis time to stop the *Gap*,  
That we may further *ills* escape ;  
And pinion those that have undone us,  
By *Basely* letting in upon us  
A *Flood* of *Mischiefs* that must *Drown*  
The *Church*, the *Kingdom* and the *Crown* ;

Unless prevented e'er they flow  
 Too fast and too Tempestuous grow ;  
 The Farmer timely mends the Breach,  
 He finds in either Hedg or Ditch ;  
 And sends those Cattle to the Pound,  
 That makes a Trespass on his Ground ;  
 Like Measures are the only way,  
 To Tame more headstrong Brutes then they ;  
 Who if not Curb'd and Manag'd duly,  
 Will grow still more, and more, unruly ;  
 But if once handl'd shrink like Snails,  
 And draw their Horns into their Shells.

What Noisy Clamours, do they make ?  
 What disobedient Freedoms take ?  
 What Liberties their Writers use ?  
 How modest are their fam'd Reviews ?  
 Where Sov'reign Pow'r is made their Sport,  
 And Pelted with such Factious Dirt ;  
 That all of Modesty or Sense,  
 Who read his matchless Impudence,

Bulsh at his rude and daring Pen,  
So vile reproachful and Prophane ;  
And Judge by his Fanatick Spite,  
He's Curs'd above all Men that Write ;  
And doom'd to be a wretch'd Tool  
To Knaves that would Usurp the Rule ;  
Who are to weak to bear the Sway,  
And too Rebellious to Obey.

The Whiggish Tribe were now agriev'd  
To see the Church so well receiv'd  
At Court, for standing by the Throne,  
When Faction was so Rampant grown ;  
So Pert, so Insolent and Warm,  
That they were Aiming to disarm  
The Church, of Doctrines that agree,  
With Scripture, well as Monarchy ;  
That by that means the Sov'reign Pow'r,  
Might be left weak and insecure ;  
And all Obedience to a King  
Become a wild Precarious thing ;

Depending

Depending on the various minds  
Of those more fickle than the *Winds* ;  
Yet these good *Whiggs* we must allow  
The only faithful Subjects now ;  
Tho' e'ry step they take we see,  
Encroaches on the *Monarchy* ;  
And on the *Church* that does defend  
The *Throne*, and is its surest *Friend* ;  
But if ye dare give Credit to  
That modest *Libel* the *Review* ;  
Where you may find the *Whigs* to be  
The only Sons of *Loyalty* ;  
Because their works have made it known,  
They always were for pulling down  
The *Church Establish'd* and the *Crown*,  
What Sov'reign therefore can distrust  
Subjects so Pious and so Just ?  
Who keep their old *Opinion*, still ;  
And when they durst *Rebel* they will.

However now to flew they were,  
As *Loyal* as they say they are ;  
The

# CANTO XV.

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The *Saints* began with all their art,  
To vouch their *Zeal* to *Q----n*, and *Court*,  
In such *Addresses* as might best  
Open the *Windows* of their *Breast*,  
That Sacred *Majesty* might see  
Their Ancient *Love* and *Loyalty* ;  
And that they now ador'd their *Prince*,  
Just as they us'd to do long since,  
And were, unto our *G----s Q----n*,  
The same as they had ever been ;  
Pointing most *Loyally* to those  
They would have deem'd the *Nations Foes*,  
Meaning the *Church*, least they themselves,  
Should now be thought those wicked *Elves* ;  
Who by their *Malice*, *Heat* and *Fury*  
Had rais'd up the *Tempestuous Flurry*,  
Which blew with such *Precipitation*,  
Against the Sons of *Moderation*,  
That many meetings met with *harm*,  
And suffer'd greatly in the *Storm* ;

Whilst

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Whilst those that rais'd the Wind so High,  
Beheld the danger with an Eye .  
Of fear, unable to foresee,  
What the strange Consequence might be ;  
Thus Conjurers of Common Weal,  
who do with Restless Spirits deal ;  
In Spite of all their cunning may  
Raise Devils that they cannot lay.



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The end of the Fifth and last Part.

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